

N. 25 - Feb 19/1898

# ADJUTANT MCILLIVRAY.

## SOME THINGS HE SAYS.

### REPORTED BY H.

It doesn't take much to darken the soul's experience.

It is not a sin to have a cross; it is a sin to shirk the cross.

When God sanctified me, He emptied me of about thirty cart-loads of theology.

Can I be honest and refuse to testify that Jesus has saved me.

Behind every victorious life there's a grave-something sacrificed, dead, buried.

Hiding behind God, difficulties that were mountains high speedily melt to mere hills.

There's nothing like a living, saving knowledge of the personal saving and keeping power of the Son of God.

God is not very far to a lot of his professed followers; they don't know where they are at, half the time.

The devil never left a man or woman of his own accord—he's got to be driven away.

Can a person walk in a lesser light of life when an unmistakable call has come to enter a fuller?

If you sow sin, you'll reap a bountiful harvest; but if you sow good, you will also reap a bountiful harvest. Hallelujah!

If laboring for souls my whole lifetime is going to mesh for me one smile from my Saviour in Heaven, gladly will I endure, and toll, and suffer.

The devil doesn't care how much profession I've got, if he can only keep me from testifying and confessing it. That's his game.

If a child handles charcoal there will be smut on its hands; and, as sure as if a Christian indulges in anything questionable, he'll be smeared.

A friend once told me about himself. He said, "When working at my trade I used to look ahead eagerly, longingly, at 5 o'clock. Afterwards I became a partner in the business, and then my evenings ceased. Lots of Christians long for 6 o'clock, who, if partners in the business, would live by faith, trusting Him day by day."

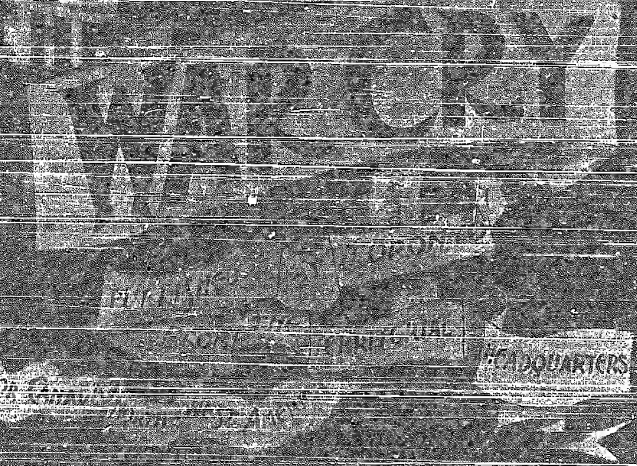
Thanksgiving is not as general as it should be. The farmer often goes around with thanks in mouth, but thanksgiving is infrequent instead of thanking the great Giver for what he does enjoy. No wonder, his grain doesn't grow. The wonder is it doesn't grow upon the other way, or isn't all thistles.

A captain engaged a pilot to take him into the harbor at night. He was the best pilot there. The captain remarked that he probably knew every rock and shoal in those waters. The pilot replied, "I don't know where the rocks are, but I know where they are not." That's it—keep away from the rocks of sin.

There is not much desperation on the part of man and God, but a very great deal on the side of the devil. He's playing his cards right well. It's an appalling thing in this 19th century, that the church of God dare not step out and pronounce sin, high and low. The ungodly do, because they've got the almighty liar, God helping me, I've made up my mind, I'll be honest in my purpose to tell a whole truth of God.

A certain minister put up at a hotel for a few days. On leaving he asked for reduction in his bill on account of calling. The landlord said he would talk to his wife about it. He soon replied that, having conferred with his sister-in-law, they found that he (the minister) had never prayed with them, didn't even ask a blessing, didn't in any way show his colors; and as he had tried himself like a sinner, and spoken of a sinner, he would have to pay full value. Show your colors when you're a sinner.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, B. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.



FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH HANDING THE WELCOME ADDRESS TO THE GENERAL AT THE MASS RECEPTION MEETING IN MASSEY HALL.

"For myself I am God's I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the end." The Field Commissioner to the General.





## Helps for J. S. WORKERS.

JOSHUA ENCOURAGED AND AI  
TAKEN

Joshua VIII, 1-2.

## The Tables Turned.

OUR lesson, last Sunday, was on Israel's defeat, brought about by sin. To-day we read of a glorious victory the Lord gave them, because they had destroyed the altar of Baal. It is about ten miles from Jerusalem, two miles from Bethel, and twelve from Jericho, which you remember was the last place of battle.

## Methods of Warfare.

There were no guns or cannons in those days. Bows and arrows, swords and spears, javelins, catapults and like weapons were used. Armies met in hand-to-hand conflict, and that accounts for the hundreds of thousands slain.

## The Plan of Battle—Verses 1 and 2.

God seeks to encourage the Children of Israel. Doubtless the defeat of the former expedition lay very sorely yet on their hearts. "Hush," God's plan was to deceive the men of Ai, as we shall see. To lay in ambush is to place yourself out of sight near the enemy, ready to rise up and fight at the convenient time. Napoleon kept a grand regiment of soldiers "in ambush" at the Battle of Waterloo. His plan was to wait till the English soldiers were tired out and then at this regiment came out and won the day. But they found it impossible to break the English ranks. May our Army ranks be just as solid.

Read on to verse 4.—The plan of campaign is explained. The soldiers in ambush would place themselves on the farther side of the city. Joshua would approach Ai from the opposite side and proceed to surround it. The men of Ai would pursue them, leaving the city unprotected. The ambush would then rise and enter the city behind and burn it. Joshua would then turn around and fall upon the enemy, and the men who had been in ambush, after the city was near, would also engage in the fight.

## God has all the Glory.

Verses 1.—Notice how Joshua is particular to give all the glory to God. The battle isn't won merely by the soldiers and by the clever plan of battle. God gives the victory.

Verses 14-17.—The plan works out splendidly. Why? Because God had arranged it. It would probably have been a failure otherwise. God, therefore, deserves the praise.

Verses 18.—The Lord gives personal direction in the fight. How interested He always is in our daily fighting, disreputable, etc., and how gladly He will guide our way through it we will let Him.

## Israel's Enemies Routed.

Verses 19-25.—The men of Ai fall into the trap and are utterly destroyed, to the number of twelve thousand. Not even the women are spared.

Verses 26.—It appears that Joshua had his spear out during the whole battle, and until the enemy was destroyed. (Read Exodus XVII, 11-12.)

## Even the Kink had to be Killed.

Verses 28.—The reason God desired every inhabitant of the land destroyed was because they were wicked, heathen, sinful, detestable people, and He wanted the Children of Israel to be free from the temptations they would throw in the way. What a pity the Children of Israel did not serve all the inhabitants of the land the same way they did the men of Ai? But we shall read of it later. God's distinct command is found in Deuteronomy VII, 1-5.

## Leading Thoughts.

1. Obedience brings success.
2. God fights for us and deserves the glory.
3. Sin must be utterly destroyed, the enemies of God cast out.

## Questions.

1. Where were the Children of Israel located?
2. Where is Ai?
3. How did men fight in Joshua's time?
4. Describe God's plan to defeat the men of Ai?
5. What is an "ambush"?
6. Did the plan work out all right?
7. What lesson can be learnt from the victory?

## Memory Text.

"According to the commandments of the Lord shall we do."

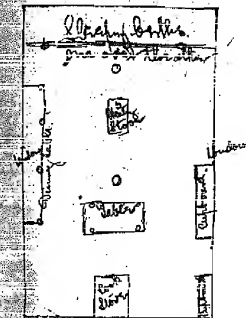
## Latest Social Venture a Splendid Success.

## WOOD LIMIT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

## Labor Provided for Out-of-Works—Men Happy Under Army Management.

THE first hint that the Army was likely to "take to the woods" was given by our late gifted leader, the Commandant, in his daring programme of Public Advances, which he issued in this Territory in the General's Jubilee year. That hint has now attained to a realization in fact through the enterprise of the North-Western Provincial Officer, Brigadier Bennett—and his aides, who, as we announced a few weeks ago, have secured a Wood Limit 72 miles East of Winnipeg.

Through acquiring this Wood Limit the Army authorities will be able to supply very much more employment to the out-of-works who, through the Social Reform Institutions at Winnipeg, and look to the Army for help in their time of need, as well as supplying wood for the Labor Yard in the city which is kept to supply temporary employment for the immediate needs of those who may want food and bread, but have no money to pay expenses.



Wood Limit for 72 miles East of Winnipeg.

It will hardly be necessary to mention that there is a many Timber and Wood Limit in Canada, since one of our principal industries is the lumbering business. As may be imagined, although there are many thoroughly well-conducted shanties, there are others where card-playing, dancing and drinking are the main diversions on Sundays. The Army will, of course, make Sunday a day of spiritual blessing to the men employed, and will endeavor to run the whole thing on pattern lines.

The following information, extracted from a despatch from Brigadier Bennett, will be read with interest:

"Fifteen men are at present employed working the bush, and two teams hauling wood either to Darwin or Culver siding, ready to be shipped on the cars to Winnipeg. The men went down early in November. During their first week they did not get properly to work, having to fix up the shanty, dig the well, etc. Three weeks after they had one hundred cords of wood cut and piled. The prospect is good for getting fifteen hundred cords of wood of one kind and another during the present winter, and a thousand cords left to dry for next winter. Capt. Cromarty, who is in charge of the Limit, says that there is enough wood there to last us several years, and there will be plenty of hay to supply provender for the horses after this year."

"The following is a list of prices paid for cutting the different kinds of wood. Poplar, 60¢ per cord; Mixed wood, 60¢ per cord; Spruce wood, 50¢ per cord; Jack Pine, 50¢ per cord; Tamarac, 80¢ per cord."

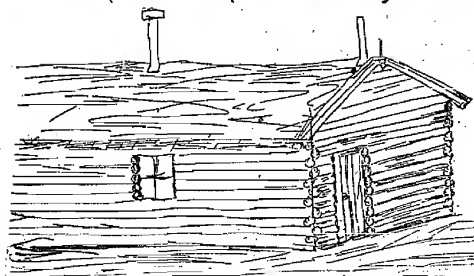
"The board is good, and gives general satisfaction. It consists of beef, pork, beans, potatoes, bread, syrup, etc., and the general drink is tea. For board and lodging the men pay \$150 per week. In addition to the usual routine of food, they are able to shoot rabbits and partridges, which are plentiful in the woods, and form an agreeable change to the menu."

"Capt. Cromarty reports all the men as being very happy and contented. Of course there is no whiskey drinking, card-playing or cursing in the shanty. Anyone who curses is fined 10¢, but not

a man has been fined yet. It is a good indication of the quality of the moral atmosphere that four of the men have already given up smoking."

"When the Self-Denial Campaign was on in the North-West a few weeks ago, two of the men contributed \$7.75 towards that fund—a touching tribute to the value the men themselves place upon Salvation Army Social Reform work. The men are in a distinct sense separated from

*rough has very rough drawing of the shanty, shanty with a well from the Winnipeg Post.*



the world, for the nearest camp is three miles away, nevertheless, although right away in the thick of the bush, the men like it and enjoy our system of working and management.

"An addition to the shanty has been made for the Captain's private use, in which he keeps his store supplies for the men. A new stable, warm and comfortable, has also been erected for the horses. The shanty and stables are built of logs—the shanty in which the men are living is eighteen feet wide and twenty-five feet long. Between the logs it is plastered to keep out the cold. The roofs are covered with split logs, then with mud, and on top of all, a thick layer of earth. This plan is adopted for both shanties and stables. In the general shanty there is a door and two windows, one big heater stove, and a cook stove. Speaking from a shanty stand-point, it is very comfortable. The private shanty, before referred to, occupied by Captain Cromarty, is twelve by sixteen, and has also a stove in it. He has fixed it up so nicely, that it looks quite homelike. One hundred yards from the shanty is the stable, eighteen feet by eighteen feet, and one hundred and fifty feet from the shanty, is situated the well which was dug by the men and supplies all the water necessary."

Brigadier Bennett's despatch goes on to say, "The prospects for our work in the bush are splendid. Without doubt a great work will be done, and I am believing to hear of many of the men getting soundly converted to God. God is with us in this undertaking, or it will

be a great boon to our Wood Yard in the city, in helping the men in the temporary, which is no small thing in the North-West, when so many are out of employment, and the long, cold winter, which has to be endured, drives many to extreme measures to get support. However, we are most anxious to help them all we possibly can, and we shall employ as many men as our finances admit of in connection with our Winnipeg city industries and the Timber Limit."

Brigadier Bennett is a Yorkshire man, and Yorkshire men are notorious for "good doing." Brigadier Bennett is quite consistent in this respect, at any rate so far as his dealings with others are concerned, for he says, "To give you a good idea that the men in the bush can eat, and that they are a healthy crowd, I may mention that the following is a partial list of the supplies that have been sent to the bush: Flour 20 sacks; oatmeal, 500 lbs.; cornmeal, 500 lbs.; 20 bags of potatoes; beans, 300 lbs.; split peas, rice and barley, 100 lbs. of each; tea, 50 lbs.; meat 1,000 lbs.; vegetables, butter, lard and so on, and a score of horses six tons of hay, and a huge quantity of oats and bran."



## Reminiscences.

WHEN I went to Glasgow in July, 1883, my brother (now Staff-Capt. Ellis) had charge of the Light Brigade work in Scotland. We were such a busy family; my brother, making journeys all over Scotland making Local Agents, and talking up the Social work in churches, drawing-rooms, and wherever he could get a hearing; we at home were busy receiving G. B. M. boxes from Headquarters, and sending orders to all parts of Scotland, receiving and answering letters, checking ledgers, etc., etc., until working till long past midnight.

## I Felt Greatly in Love

Nothing pleased me better than to go about the city collecting boxes. Anyone who has been in Glasgow will know all about the long closes and winding stone stair cases in the houses, or direct from our Canadian homes. And the dear Scotch people were so kind, to offer of a cup of tea by the way of refreshment, and the pleasant invitation to take "a wee droopie mair."

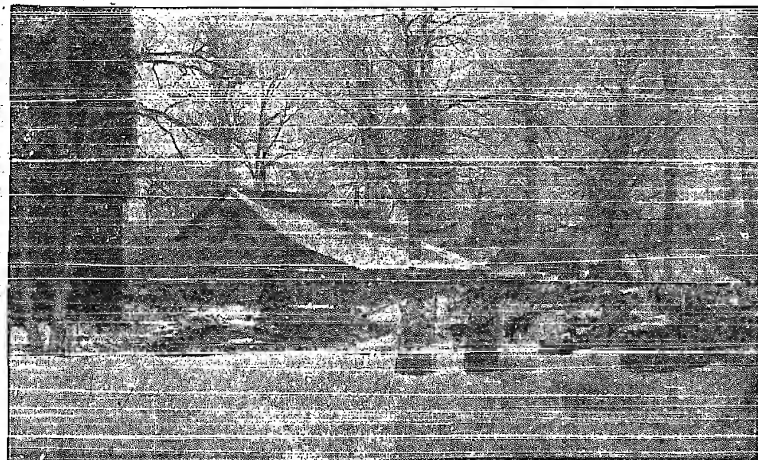
I remember once getting such an agreeable surprise on opening a box, which at first sight I thought contained only trinkets, to find a half-covered tin of gold. I do wish we could find some of them among our boxes of cents in Canada. Dear reader take the hint and give some of us poor gentle a surprise some day. It would be just lovely.

One day having occasion to go out to make some purchases for dinner, I took three or four boxes with me and readily placed one box in the butler's shop, one in the dairy, and one in the Post Office. Soon after that I wrote a little piece about the G. B. M. boxes for the Social Gazette, and speaking of what a blessing the money got in this way was to many hungry and suffering ones, I received a few days afterwards

## A Letter from a Poor Man

who was in very distressing circumstances. He had read my report, and thought I might be able to help him. It was the same old story, alas! of thousands. NO WORK, FAMILY STARVING, SICKNESS, etc., etc. I thought, "Whatever shall I do?" Not being in a position to help him very much financially, but God's ways are wonderful, and help for the poor family was coming just then across the Atlantic Ocean, and I don't know it. A friend of mine—L. A. B. the "Pacific Coast Army Woman"—was then on her way from New York and in a day or two arrived at Glasgow. She readily came to my help, and together we went to Govan, visited the family, and helped them then as well as afterwards. To God be all the praise. I am determined to do all I can to push the Light Brigade work in Charlottetown. P. B. I.

Ensign Hale in addition to being book-keeper of the Property and Finance Departments, bandsman of the Headquarters staff band, Sgt.-Major and bandsman of the Temple corps, has accepted the position of Local Agent in this district, and at the end of the last quarter might have been seen making his way from one office to another, receiving the sum of \$24. This, the Ensign assures me, will rise to \$20 for the next quarter.



FARMSTEAD AND WINTER SCENE.

Residence of one of the men, (T. Barker, Dauphin, Alberta.

FUEL, of the



# COLOSSAL CONCLUSION OF THE GENERAL'S EASTERN CAMPAIGN

## Mightiest Meetings in the Annals of the Army in the Territory.

**HUGE CROWDS—NEARLY TWO HUNDRED PENITENTS—IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM.**

**INTRODUCTION.**  
THE GENERAL absorbs our thoughts, stir to their depths, our nature, and fills our horizon. We will not be misunderstood, we are sure, by saying that for the moment, we see no one else in Toronto but the General, and hear no one else's voice save his. This is his first visit to our country since the order was given—sixteen years ago—to fix the standard of a Blood-and-fire religion in the Dominion.

The event to us is of extreme importance; to Canada one that will impress and influence its religious life for years to come. We point to the remarkable attendance of our leading statesmen and ministers to bear this out. We know of no religious teacher or reformer who has so gratefully received the approval and favor of such an array of philanthropic, political and religious talent and authority, as has our great and honored General.

The General comes at a moment when we are enabled to encourage him, and he to encourage us. The Army's position in the Territory is today stronger than it has ever been—there is more intelligent grasp of foundation principle by its soldiery. The principles which determine the strength and permanence of a movement are better applied. These are organization, system, wise methods, inspection and authority. The record of work done, and results achieved, which our Commissioner has submitted to the General, more than support the statements. We need not go into particulars. In every respect the Army is stronger, holier and bigger. Were it otherwise, we should say so, but there it is—a blessed, inspiring fact, and we ascribe, with all our hearts, the honor and glory to God.

We also acknowledge it is fitting at this hour that we should recognize the services of those who have contributed to this result. Our former leaders, by their untiring energy, uncompromising devotion to principle and love for the souls of the people, left our beloved Commissioner with a heritage of moral and spiritual power, that she has employed with a success when only those of us acquainted with the difficulties of a war like ours can rightly estimate.

Her character as a lover of souls has done the rest. For undoubtedly the great outstanding fact in the recent history of the Army in Canada is the able and successful leadership of Field Commissioner Miss Booth. She has demystified prejudice. She has converted enemies into friends. She has revived the sympathy and added to the numbers of our friends. She has lived for and loved the Staff and Field Officers. She has set the field an example of Christian Salvationism. She has done it—not for temporary gain—but with her eyes fixed upon still further perfecting the Army to deal more successfully with the careless thousands of the Territory, and more efficiently raise the smitten wrecks of our community.

When daughter faced father in the Massey Hall the other night, and the officer submitted herself to her General in words that will be cherished by the next generation of Salvationists—"For myself, I am God's; I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the end"—the climax to a long period of uphill and successful scaling of another height in our warfare here, was reached. The seal of Divine and human approval was placed upon a great work.

war. The Soldiers' gathering on Saturday night prepared the way for the overwhelming triumph next day, while the General's remarkable address on the Social Scheme of the Army put the final seal upon what has proved to be, as we expected from the first, a Campaign that will leave behind it results that will multiply with increasing years, memories that will soothe the aching heart of every brave officer on the field of battle, supply ammunition to the army of the staff, and widen the Army's influence all over the Territory, thereby extending and strengthening the Kingdom of God on the earth.

### MASSEY HALL RECEPTION MEETING

**S**IBERIAN WEATHER has become quite fashionable since Nansen went "farthest North" and gold was discovered at Hottukye, but its popularity alone would hardly have guaranteed the persistence of the huge

alarms that "the sun" was coming," and here at last that the General was welcomed amidst a blizzard of welcome enthusiasm. Anticipation had increased by the long waiting and it was through a highly-excited throng that the General passed with the Field Commissioner on his arm, and to the melody of the Star Band's martial strains entered his carriage. Then the fever heat of the station scene began to wane only to revive again with increased vigor and fervor at the Massey Hall that night.

The reception meeting was a brilliant expression of Salvation and citizen welcome. Considering the counter engagements in the city that night the crowd was a good one, for, as the General said, "We had a political meeting, the weather and the devil against us."

The platform was a striking one. Many of Toronto's master minds in social and religious life vied with the galaxy of Army element present to manifest their joy, pride, and appreciation. From the Hon. A. S. Hardy, who expressed himself honored to fill the chair on such an occasion, to the irrepressible Charlie, of the Farm, who continually brought himself into prominence by involuntary shouts of delight, there was a representation of the General something of the gratification, deep and warm, which his presence brought. The Premier's welcome on behalf of the Provincial Government was terse and to the point.

Dr. Potts, as representing the Ministerial Association, spoke in fervid and eloquent language of the General. He said, "We welcome tonight one of the most remarkable men of the 19th century. When the history of this is written, the name of the distinguished guest of this evening will stand as a distinguished place." His hearty generous remarks won for the Dr. even a warmer place than he already holds as a staunch Army friend.

The Mayor being unavoidably prevented from presenting the Municipal welcome in person, was represented by Ald. Wynd.

A spontaneous burst of applause and emotion greeted the Field Commissioner as she rose to read an address embodying the Territory's welcome. The address was given at length, and in which is given a strong and beautiful declaration of the love and loyalty of this "territorial Division of the Army's Field."

For conclusion, "As for myself, I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the very end," was inspired, and induced tremendous applause. The event of the evening arrived. The General, after the space of three years, again faced a Massey Hall audience eager gaze fastened their upon his tall form unobscured by his face unflinching in force. The General's whole-souled interest and attention, while hundreds were marked by real affection for the veteran speaker. The significance of his words as he thanked the audience for his hearty reception, "I am yours," said the General, "only pay back into your own hearts, the blessings you have wished me."

His speech which was partly retrospective, and partly prospective, afforded in its trenchant reasoning, its pointed illustration, and forcible truth, an insight into the being and being of the Salvation Army, as informed the most ignorant and added to the understanding of the most enlightened on Army topics. The sympathetic friends, the calculating critics, and the enthusiastic Salvationists all carried away food for thought and edification. The group of unbreasted ministers of all denominations who filled the platform's East wing were little less demonstrative in their enthusiasm than the vermillion-clad bandmen of the Staff who composed the West side. The conviction—witnessed in moments with which the General declared individual responsibility in the world's salvation, and how the Salvation Army was shouldering its share, were reinforced by such humorous spoils wrought laughter to the lips all who heard them.

The Premier justified the supposition made at the commencement of the meeting to the effect that he was an excellent chairman by his rising while yet the hall resounded with hearty appreciation of the General's words, he made a very effective appeal for the Army's help, besought his hearers to put their hands deep into their pockets and bring out the very last dollar.

"The Hon. A. S. Hardy is a fine character," was heard. "We want him in the Methodist Church."



HON. A. S. HARDY, Premier of Ontario.

Who presided at the General's Reception Meeting in the Massey Hall.

But a vast continent of work remains untouched. Our tribute to what has been done; not to what has still to be taken in hand.

And our beloved General is here to tell us how to do it. He comes to us with the ripe experience of his great heart and his great mind, and the practical knowledge acquired by the Army on its world-wide battle-field, and places himself at our disposal in the spirit of a servant and apostle of the Lord. Great is our responsibility, but we shall rise to it. The events that have gathered around the General's progress through Canada convince us that everything is ready for a distinct advance in every branch of our service for God.

We must leave the events of the week to speak for themselves. The reception of the General was in every way worthy of the city in every department of its civic, religious and philanthropic life. The General's acknowledgement of the Field Commissioner's address touched the Dominion, for it was no local or Provincial occasion. The event rose to the high level of a national inspiration. The Field Officers' Council marked a new era in the salvation progress of the

crowd who pressed their way through the blustering elements last Thursday morning. Hurricanes of biting blast drove blinding powder of frozen snow into the eyes, slippery ice-covered ground afforded an uncertain and chilly walking ground for the feet, but the crowd above referred to gathered notwithstanding all and did not disperse until two hours had passed—much of the time intervening being passed in the open. The lodestar which held them there was the prospect of arrival of the General. The large booking hall at the Union was transformed into a reception room—where throngs of Salvationists from most parts of the Territory exchanged comradeship greetings and war news. The train which was to bring the General into their midst was timed to arrive at one o'clock, but that was a calculation made without reference to the unexpected snow-inundation which delayed it a solid hour. Nor was this all—the engine fire had blown out by the almost blizzard the wind and fresh power having to be dispatched from Toronto occasioned a hindrance of about another.

"Uniform only this way," the unfamiliar call, but albeit not unpleasant, came from the lips of a railway official—the passenger Army General was the entrance ticket to the train. Through the courtesy of the authorities some hundreds were thus admitted to pass to the platform. It was down here that the more or less impatient crowd waited here too were heard, and when the

"I'll admit him into the Army," capped the General with much laughter and applause. Dr. Thomas' proposition of the thanks was so good that we would for word.

"It is surely superfluous, after wonderful torrent of sacred eloquence which we have listened, that I say anything in support of this. We rejoice to find that the have not robbed him of any of his powerful power to move human souls. The General was, in his early Methodist, but it is abundantly clear that he was predestinated from birth to be the General of the Army, and he is doing his duty in making his calling and election sure. There are few men on this rounded globe who feel it a joy to look, and to whose voice would feel it a greater privilege to listen. He has won for himself a place in the religious of the century. It would not be a lie to say that his coming near that of Omphalos, that of any other man of the age he has called into existence one of the most unimpaired material of an age that is moving the world. He built a bridge across the chasm between the church and the masses over it he has led his armies victory. May the benediction of God rest upon the grand old veteran."

Mr. O. A. Howland suitably seconded the resolution. The meeting, as a whole, was in enthusiasm, vivid in interest, and glowing with fervor and affection for the General, and prompted feelings of highest expectation for the further links of the General's Campaign.

### STAFF AND FIELD COUNCIL

#### Friday—Morning

Times of Instruction, Inspiration, and Meeting.

THE entrance of the General and Field Commissioner was greeted with two particulars—a spirituality of bearing. The gleaming smile of glorious leader was a benediction and laid expression an inspiration. A few minutes before the General entered the minds and hopes of the hundred (or more) officers upon the of these gifts necessary to success were.

The General commenced by giving for words of congratulation on the accomplishments of the eighteen months since our much-loved Commissioner assumed the command of the territorial country. This was followed in General's own terse style by a "pointers" in the form of questions. Often the most forcible way of expressing an expression—Could we come into ourselves? On our own we experience? On our work? These marks led to an examination of our of our accomplishments in the light of Divine revelation.

Like the speaking officers who came up and down the lines of the territorial point—unity, we felt we had a time of inspiration indeed, only this, but gave valuable advice, formation, and judgment upon each.

#### Afternoon

The principles of the Army came in a short review, and their importance unimpaired character pointed out. General's genius manifests itself in great many ways, as is known all the world, but perhaps in no way so then in his marvelous ability make sure and interesting what a hands of most people would be a and understanding topic.

The fundamental principle underlying all, must be

#### Personal Religion

Methods must be multiplied and varied in the application of them. One of the latest and most successful was the target idea. This must be applied to the spiritual side of things, will be adopted more universally. Possibilities are there where system, concentrated effort, and the Holy Ghost combined in the purpose of saving men. Every officer felt his spirit stirred, and his heart inspired, his soul flamed, his mind enlightened by counsel and judgment of our illustrious leader.



## SOLDIERS MEETING

**The General's Business - White-Hot  
Truth-Glorious Results.**

ROOM all parts of Ontario the comrades came eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of their beloved and God-blessed leader.

A stranger to the city could not help but enquire the meaning of the number of Salvationists who, in groups, could be seen in the streets and squares. They were principally soldiers, and this was to be their very own night.

Inelde, the body of the large hall was so filled with people that it was almost entirely asphyxiated.

Commissioner Neel gave out the opening song, "Oh, Thou God of every nation," the Headquarters Staff Band sang the hymn "The Crucifixion," and the meeting started in earnest. But the General had not yet appeared.

Times of Instruction, Inspiration and Blessing.

The General commenced by giving a few words of congratulation on the accomplishment of the first day's work. The Commissioner had assumed the command of this beautiful country. This was followed in the General's own terse style by a series of questions—often the most forcible way of emphasizing an expression—Could we congratulate ourselves on our success? Hearty responses were given. The General then remarked to the examination of ourselves—of our accompaniments—in the light of Divine providence.

Following Officers who move up and down the lines of the troops assembled for the purpose of inspection, the General covered a number of miles of the country, and was here and there—so he pointed out the weakness here—the danger there—the possibilities of another point—until we felt we had reached the limit of judgment and endurance. It was a very valuable advice, information, and inspiration upon each.

The principles of the Army came in for a short review, and their importance and unalterable character pointed out. The General's genius manifests itself in a great many ways, as is known all over the world, but perhaps in no wise more so than in his marvellous ability to make spicy and interesting what in the hands of most people would be a dry and uninteresting topic.

Methods must be multiplied and varied. Principles are unalterable. Methods are the application of them.

was the target idea. This must be applied to the spiritual side of things, and will be adopted more universally. What possibilities are there where system, concentrated effort, and the Holy Ghost are combined in the purpose of saving men. Every officer felt his spirit strengthened, his heart inspired, his soul consumed, his mind enlightened, by the counsel and judgment of our illustrious leader.

General, we further desire to assure you of our unswerving loyalty to yourself as our leader, and the world-wide aims of this great Army. Other countries may boast of larger populations and consequently more numerous opportunities, but I have every reason to believe that you have no more loyal troops than those whom I represent here to-day. They have proved themselves up to the hilt by endurance in adversity, unswerving steadfastness through misrepresentation, faithful service despite slander and opposition, and stand to-day not but the stronger for the storms with hearts charged with confidence and courage.

Loyalty is our most sacred trait with us—it is a sacred principle which recognizes the head and glories in the best of Ourselves in you as our Commander-in-Chief, in the authority of your officers, and in the execution of the discipline of Order and Regulations throughout the ranks.

We are Canadians, proud of our traditions, full of love and holy ambition for our country's future, yet proudest are we of that spirit which makes us first followers of the Bleeding Lamb, ready at any moment at the word of command to go anywhere or

[illegible]

Especially do we venture to think that your heart will be gratified by the tidings of our onward march for the children's salvation. On behalf of your brave Canadian Officers I am able to assure you that no efforts have been spared, no personal sacrifices counted too great, that with the children in our arms and tens of thousands following their parents in our ranks, we might build up a mighty temple of living stones called

One word more, beloved General. You can reckon upon us—myself and my dear and brave officers, who since you stepping into this command have stood close beside me, held up my hands, executed my wishes, and with all tenderesses have cheered my heart. We shall keep you the tight, stand by the Flag, go straight for the lowest and the loft, and we will win them for the Kingdom and the war by that same spirit which has characterized your life and set us all such a noble and practical example. We love you—we honor you—we will follow you—we want to be all that you would have us, to

We desire, dear General, that you convey to our comrades on the other side of the Canadian frontier our loyal and affectionate greetings, and to the Chief-of-the-Staff, and the international headquarters of peace, of devotion, fidelity and sacrifice.

For myself, General, I am God's, I am yours, I am the Army's to the very end.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Territorial Commissioner.

**TERRITORIAL COMMISSIONER**

Evening.

The Lippinott barracks was nearly filled with officers whose appetite, whetted by the previous sessions, looked forward to a spiritual feast at the night meeting. Were we disappointed? No, the interest and eagerness of those warrior-listeners furnished the answer. The theme of the first martyr of the Christian Church was never so thrilling to us as it was at this night session, and dealt with in the General's own forcible style. What a mighty force there is in the life of the man who can and does believe in God, and believes in himself. This was his strength when the test came.

FULL of power. FULL of gold

FULL of the Holy Ghost. Ah, that is the qualification for fearless, successful service, and victory over the powers. It made Stephen's career such a blessed triumph apply the truth to our heart. How solemn—majestically solemn—were those moments as we witnessed of the pathos of his life possessed, and so contrasted by the Holy Ghost. We read in the good old Book of God speaking through Moses and others. It was ours to hear the voice of God as He spoke in this meeting. What moments of self-examination—of hope or eager expectation—of prayer—aye, and of prayers answered—were the passing minutes of that day! How good and precious the presence of and surrounded by the sacred halo of the full presence of God!

The close of the first day's council marked another spiritual landmark in the history of nearly every heart in that hallowed assembly, the issue of which cannot fail to manifest itself in mighty practical results in our future efforts for God and for His war.

**F**ROM all parts of Ontario the comrades came eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing their beloved and God-honored leader.

A stranger to the city could not help but enquire the meaning of the number of Salvationists who, in groups, could be seen wending their way Templewards. They were principally soldiers, and this was to be their very own night.

Inedie, the body of the large hall was filled with a happy, bright-faced, brightly-dressed crowd.

Commissioner Nteko gave of the opening song, "Oh, Thou God of every nation," the Headquarters Staff Band struck up the old tune "Calcutta," and the meeting started in earnest. But the General had not yet appeared.

After prayer had been offered the crowd was thrilled with the words, "Everybody stand," and we all knew why. The door at the rear had swung open and there appeared the familiar form of the General accompanied by the Field Commissioner. What a roar of welcome went up from nearly a thousand throats. Again and again it sounded, the band playing, drums beating, hands clapping, handkerchiefs waving, all speaking the loving and loyal welcome accorded their General.

Colonel Lawley sang, as only he can, one of his own heart-stirring solos, and then the General sprang to his feet with

**"Now, Then, to Business!"**  
All who know him can understand what  
his business is.

"I want us to have a good time. I call a meeting a good meeting when soldiers are hinged and stirred and set on fire, when sinners are converted and backsliders are restored. Oh, my Lord, give us a good meeting!" ("Amen," said hundreds of hallowing hearts.)

The truth came from the General's lips white-hot. No mistaking the meaning, no avoiding the keen, penetrating shafts as they struck home here and there.

The standard of holiness, a true heart religion was set up again, and all had to measure themselves by it whether they would or not.

Like one of the old-time prophets, the General preceded, now pleading, now exhorting, now tearing away all covering of excuses and exposing the naked sores and wounds of the many souls present. But if the spirit of God was there to comfort the penitents, how could it be

The evidence of the Spirit's mighty working at that meeting was seen as the prayer meeting was started, and on after another we went to the penitential form. Presently there was a still-thing seemed hard—and we knew that many were fighting a hard battle, hesitating before taking the final step. But prayer and faith brought down still more abundant power and then the break. In ones, twos, and sometimes threes they came until forty three men and women had sought God, and the meeting closed, everybody tired but happy. The General was cheered and God was glorified.

**God's Remedy for the World's Woe--  
General on Fire--Victory!**

**T**HE GENERAL, in giving out a song compels everyone to think of the meaning of the words into their hearts. For the singing of the first song where the words were, "Jesus, although I may not understand," the General stopped and cried, "Salvation is not by Reason, but by Faith." It was not only strong, but a wave of feeling that swept over the entire congregation that has ever turned out to an Army meeting in the big Marney Hall on Sunday morning. The General had focussed the sharp-cutting truth down to the heart of the understanding, and made it equally galling to the doubting. He compelled them, I repeat, to think of the truth of the song as such, as it related to man's sins, their past lives and their present experiences. These were the things that were meant to

(Continued on page 18, col. 4.)







kindness and its bitter sorrow,  
but if you  
low after righteousness  
is that certain unto life and  
you will reap salvation for  
de.

## ASH LIGHTS

Recent Talk by the General on  
Nash's Flood.

THE great inquisition for  
Blood is made on the Judgment  
Day I went my spirit to  
the Flood was a terrible  
Men find it difficult to  
that awful punishment, and  
it difficult to believe in Hell,  
a difficulties exist because they  
resist the enormity of sin. If  
they would readily believe in  
punishment of those who live and  
their sins. The old  
world of backsliders  
it became so evil that  
it lived on its destruction. When  
he down on — this city of  
iniquity, and knowledge  
the life of iniquity rolling  
its streets, I wonder if He ever  
it and you as He looked at the  
a, grieved and repenting at the  
he Flood, had another chance to  
sin blot out. You have an-  
portunity to get saved.

had to build an ark, and the  
the ark can carry but a  
kind of a prince among men—a  
er, a rich business man—and he  
all his means, time and energy,  
to build this order of God.  
He saved his wife and his sons  
and his wives have preached lo-  
and his private troubles, could over  
that he has fought a cruel fight and gone  
to reap a victor's reward.  
The funeral took place from the resi-  
dence of his daughter, on Clarence St.,  
and was well attended by soldiers and  
civilians. Major Justice conducted the  
services both at the house and grave,  
which were assisted by Mrs. Southall, Mrs.  
Barnes (of St. Thomas), Staff-Capt.  
Turner and Agt. Hughes. All bore  
testimony to the consistent life of our  
beloved comrade, and thanked God for  
another soul that has passed safely from  
the ranks of the Salvation Army below  
to join in the song of the redeemed  
around around the Throne. May we all  
be as well prepared and ready for the  
message when it comes—J. H. M.

My brother, my sister, in God  
I am going to shut the door of His mercy  
before you up to the floods of wrath  
it ever be, as it was with the old  
world. Now the heavens gather to me to-  
morrow, the rain comes, and it rains  
at day and night; and the floods are sweep-  
ing to the cities, running down the  
valleys, meeting waters, spreading  
the high places, crying to the  
heavens, "Where is Noah? Why  
didst thou not listen to him? For as he  
obeyed to pray, and that thousands  
of men and women went through the flood to  
be saved, and the world again, and  
as yet He has not set His foot in the  
heavens as yet; but at the same time He has  
said that the wicked shall be de-  
stroyed. A destruction is coming to the  
of this world. . . . The people  
of the Flood were destroyed because they  
were wicked—not because they did  
not go to church, chapel or Army bar-  
nais. They helped build the  
Ark, gave handsome subscriptions to  
it, but they were not destroyed because  
they were not wicked."

My brother, my sister, in God  
I am going to shut the door of His mercy  
before you up to the floods of wrath  
it ever be, as it was with the old  
world. Now the heavens gather to me to-  
morrow, the rain comes, and it rains  
at day and night; and the floods are sweep-  
ing to the cities, running down the  
valleys, meeting waters, spreading  
the high places, crying to the  
heavens, "Where is Noah? Why  
didst thou not listen to him? For as he  
obeyed to pray, and that thousands  
of men and women went through the flood to  
be saved, and the world again, and  
as yet He has not set His foot in the  
heavens as yet; but at the same time He has  
said that the wicked shall be de-  
stroyed. A destruction is coming to the  
of this world. . . . The people  
of the Flood were destroyed because they  
were wicked—not because they did  
not go to church, chapel or Army bar-  
nais. They helped build the  
Ark, gave handsome subscriptions to  
it, but they were not destroyed because  
they were not wicked."

My brother, my sister, in God  
I am going to shut the door of His mercy  
before you up to the floods of wrath  
it ever be, as it was with the old  
world. Now the heavens gather to me to-  
morrow, the rain comes, and it rains  
at day and night; and the floods are sweep-  
ing to the cities, running down the  
valleys, meeting waters, spreading  
the high places, crying to the  
heavens, "Where is Noah? Why  
didst thou not listen to him? For as he  
obeyed to pray, and that thousands  
of men and women went through the flood to  
be saved, and the world again, and  
as yet He has not set His foot in the  
heavens as yet; but at the same time He has  
said that the wicked shall be de-  
stroyed. A destruction is coming to the  
of this world. . . . The people  
of the Flood were destroyed because they  
were wicked—not because they did  
not go to church, chapel or Army bar-  
nais. They helped build the  
Ark, gave handsome subscriptions to  
it, but they were not destroyed because  
they were not wicked."

My brother, my sister, in God  
I am going to shut the door of His mercy  
before you up to the floods of wrath  
it ever be, as it was with the old  
world. Now the heavens gather to me to-  
morrow, the rain comes, and it rains  
at day and night; and the floods are sweep-  
ing to the cities, running down the  
valleys, meeting waters, spreading  
the high places, crying to the  
heavens, "Where is Noah? Why  
didst thou not listen to him? For as he  
obeyed to pray, and that thousands  
of men and women went through the flood to  
be saved, and the world again, and  
as yet He has not set His foot in the  
heavens as yet; but at the same time He has  
said that the wicked shall be de-  
stroyed. A destruction is coming to the  
of this world. . . . The people  
of the Flood were destroyed because they  
were wicked—not because they did  
not go to church, chapel or Army bar-  
nais. They helped build the  
Ark, gave handsome subscriptions to  
it, but they were not destroyed because  
they were not wicked."

My brother, my sister, in God  
I am going to shut the door of His mercy  
before you up to the floods of wrath  
it ever be, as it was with the old  
world. Now the heavens gather to me to-  
morrow, the rain comes, and it rains  
at day and night; and the floods are sweep-  
ing to the cities, running down the  
valleys, meeting waters, spreading  
the high places, crying to the  
heavens, "Where is Noah? Why  
didst thou not listen to him? For as he  
obeyed to pray, and that thousands  
of men and women went through the flood to  
be saved, and the world again, and  
as yet He has not set His foot in the  
heavens as yet; but at the same time He has  
said that the wicked shall be de-  
stroyed. A destruction is coming to the  
of this world. . . . The people  
of the Flood were destroyed because they  
were wicked—not because they did  
not go to church, chapel or Army bar-  
nais. They helped build the  
Ark, gave handsome subscriptions to  
it, but they were not destroyed because  
they were not wicked."

## At Last.

MR. GEORGE BOOTH, London, Ont.

Sudden indeed was the call which came  
to our brother, George Booth (famously  
known among the local soldiers as "The  
General"). On Tuesday night Brother  
Booth was present in the Army meeting  
in the best of health and in good spirits.  
It was remarked by some of the soldiers  
how jovial and happy he seemed to be,  
and he in reply asked, "Why should I  
be? With good health, lots to eat and  
wear, and a good warm bed to sleep in,  
what more can a man want?" Little  
did anyone think that in the morning  
he would be lying cold in death. But  
such was the case. While attending his  
duties at one of the railway crossings,  
Brother Booth, in stepping from one  
track to get clear of a freight train, in  
the fog and mist, stepped unknowingly  
in front of the Stratford express when  
it was only a few feet distant, re-  
sulting in such serious injuries that death  
ensued about ten o'clock. Brother Booth  
never recovered consciousness after be-  
ing struck, despite the fact that he was  
at once removed to the hospital and every  
effort made to restore him. Our  
comrade has been a soldier in the London  
corps for the past fifteen years, and  
his good sense and fatherly counsel have  
always been of great service.

Previous to his conversion he was for  
many years addicted to strong drink,  
which wrecked his home life and cast  
him out of the world, but thank God,  
when human powers failed, and he had  
seemed able to help, then the Spirit of  
God came in, and the grace of God  
proved all sufficient.

Brother Booth found in Jesus a won-  
derful Saviour. His after life proved  
this, and none who really knew him,  
and his private troubles, could over  
that he has fought a cruel fight and gone  
to reap a victor's reward.  
The funeral took place from the resi-  
dence of his daughter, on Clarence St.,  
and was well attended by soldiers and  
civilians. Major Justice conducted the  
services both at the house and grave,  
which were assisted by Mrs. Southall, Mrs.  
Barnes (of St. Thomas), Staff-Capt.  
Turner and Agt. Hughes. All bore  
testimony to the consistent life of our  
beloved comrade, and thanked God for  
another soul that has passed safely from  
the ranks of the Salvation Army below  
to join in the song of the redeemed  
around around the Throne. May we all  
be as well prepared and ready for the  
message when it comes—J. H. M.

SISTER MISS MANUEL,  
Jackson's Cove, Newfoundland.

The death of our brother, George Booth  
and taken from us, our dear comrade,  
Mrs. John Manuel. She had been a  
soldier for years, and has suffered much  
during the last year from brain disease,  
the husband, so in every respect, she  
will miss her very much, but his loss is  
her gain. I have the privilege to stand by  
her side about sixteen hours before she  
died. When her mother came in weeping  
she said

"Mother, meet me in Heaven."

I am going to be with Jesus. Oh, mother,  
do meet me in Heaven. Many times  
previous to this I visited her and asked  
her if she felt her acceptance with God  
was sure. To such questions she gave an-  
swer very decidedly, "Yes, Captain, all  
is well."

On Thursday, December 15th, we laid  
her in the grave. We gave her a soldier's  
funeral, and although the weather was  
very disagreeable, quite a number at-  
tended the service. As we stood around  
the open grave we pledged ourselves to  
God to be true, and left the little com-  
pany by the country roadside singing the  
shrine.

"I will live in the Army, I will die in the  
light."

In the work that the Master has given  
me to do;  
With His arm to uphold me and His  
gladly my way I'll pursue."

One soul saved at night meeting makes  
a total of five since taking charge—M.  
J. Butt, Capt.

## SISTER MISS O'NEAL.

After fifteen years of Salvation warfare  
Miss O'Neal, of the Thamesville corps,  
at the age of 70 years, has gone to join  
the ranks of the redeemed in Glory, just  
two months after her faithful partner, I.  
life, she has left a large family to  
mourn her loss. Our earnest prayers on  
her behalf is that her dear member shall  
be led by the Spirit of God to take up  
the weapons laid down and all the rap-

## Cheering up People.

By the General.



I HAVE been thinking for  
the last few days that  
among other things the  
world wants is an in-  
creased supply of good,  
healthy, sensible, cheer-up  
people, who will go about picking up  
and comforting such as have gone down  
before their enemies. The world is full  
of people who have begun the fight—  
begun to work—begun to save them-  
selves, or somebody else. They have  
done very well for a season; then they  
have grown weary in well-going, and  
relapsed into a do-as-well-as-you-can  
condition, hoping for better days.

They have failed. They have failed  
because they gave up. And they

Gave up Because They Were Discour-  
aged.

They want encouraging to try again;  
they want fresh heart being put into  
them, helping out their feet, sponging  
down and setting off again in the fight.  
Let us go to sinners. Where are the  
men and women going down the steep  
slope, who have not at times in their  
history woke up to make a desper-  
ate struggle to stop? Have they not  
not seemed to succeed for a season, and  
then—because tired or devil, or circum-  
stances have hindered—lost heart and  
given up. Let us go to them. We can  
renew that the Spirit of God is still  
driving them on. There is a spark of fire  
somewhere. Let us find it and fan it  
into a flame. Draw them. Show them  
the advantages of a holy life. Find out  
some way of helping them in their  
health or their circumstances. Encourage  
the children—in short, encourage them.

Go to the saints. Is there any child of  
God living who has not at some particu-  
lar time and in some particular direc-  
tion challenged the devil, and has gone  
to for some higher form of holiness,  
or some particular work of holiness? Have  
they not fought right bravely at the  
front? The angels in Heaven and the  
soldiers on the earth have welcomed  
them as allies. And

They Must to Persevere;

but alone came in the way. The sinners  
hated them. The saints misinterpreted  
them. Business was interfered with.  
They did not get on, or something, to  
their satisfaction. They struggled for a  
while and then they lost heart, took  
their hands from the Gospel plough, and  
settled down. But they are there. Deep  
in their hearts are the memories of those  
past hopes.

Find out these people. Find out what  
they were. Get them to make another  
start. Offer to be their help. Show to  
what way they are fitted for the work  
of saving men. Speak of its advantages.  
Show what they might have been.

If They had only Gone On

step by step, and you will assure them  
to renew the race.

Go to your own officers. It is true  
some do not need any encouragement.  
People differ. While some are always  
writing bitter things against themselves  
and their work and all they have to do  
with, others think quite as highly of  
themselves as they ought to think, per-  
haps a little more. These latter will not  
need you; you pass on to the depending  
class. Go to those whom the devil al-

most daily tries to persuade that

They Have Missed Their Calling,

are out of their place; that they have  
not the necessary abilities, are not qual-  
ified for the work. That they are not  
gifted for singing or speaking, or praying  
or writing, or commanding, or anything  
else. Go to these. Sit down by them.  
Carry them the tidings of any crisis in  
which you know God has used them.  
Show them wherein you think they excel,  
or might do. Tell them of others who  
have held on and improved themselves  
and reached positions of great usefulness  
and power. Do not be afraid of being  
too kindly. Go out of your way. Shake  
them by the hand. Look out for particu-

Circumstances of Discouragement,

and specially meet and cheer them there.  
Go to the soldiers. Find out the poor-  
est and most unfriended, whose duri-  
ng the solemn darkness by visitors  
Interest yourself in their trials and diffi-  
culties, whether spiritual or temporal,  
and help and cheer them up in these  
special particulars. Let them tell you  
their trouble. It is astonishing how  
much better they feel when somebody  
has listened to the description of the  
special sorrows that they have to endure.

Find out those who always march in  
the rear and sit at the back, and bring  
them up to the front. Then, again,  
those who are timid and never get a  
chance to speak. Call them up, and  
make a hearing for them. Those who  
never sing a song; let them have a try  
with a solo, and if they break down or  
are not pleased, find out some good  
point in what they have done, if there  
is one; encourage them with it, and  
make them promise to try again.  
Assure everybody that

The Road to Excellence and Success

Is Open

before them; that they have only to  
practice—to practice plenty, to practice  
often, to practice with all their hearts—  
in order to become perfect.

But mind there must be no encourage-  
ment in sin, no cheering up people in  
wrongdoing, or comforting or amusing,  
or whitewashing of people while they  
are in any shape or form holding on to  
unrighteousness. No truce with evil. War  
to the knife with all that is worldly and  
devilish. In this respect show no mercy.  
"Cursed is he that heapeth back his  
sword from blood."

Again, there must be no flattery.

No Stroking Down or Praising People  
simply to please them or gratify their favor.  
This means cursing rather than blessing:  
is the way down, and not up; for a  
praise, or condescend, or stroke-up dispo-  
sition ever curdles before a fact.

No, my comrades, you must not mix  
with untempered mortar, crying, "Peace,  
peace!" while there is no peace—no en-  
couragement in sin. Neither must you  
flatter to remove the heaviest burden.  
But I think all that is lawful and likely  
to stir up and stimulate poor, sad, de-  
spairing human nature to rubs herself  
to seek purity and everlasting joy  
and gladness in the arms of her Maker  
should be done.

Cultivate a life, my comrades. Get  
your hearts filled with the sunshine of  
Divine love, and your mouths with sing-  
ing, and then go about leading others  
to that ocean of blessedness that is  
waiting for all.

Yours in the fight for the gladness  
of the world,

WILLIAM BOOTH.



## MRS. C. A. WHITE, Waterville.

Mrs. C. A. White, a faithful soldier of  
Waterville corps, of nearly twenty years  
standing, after much suffering, borne  
without murmur, passed away to be with  
Jesus. Her patience and faith was a  
source of comfort to all. Her dear sister had been  
War Cry Sergeant for years, had faithfully  
pushed the Cry, and also been faithful in  
her dealings with people about their  
souls. While leaving a husband  
and one son to mourn the loss of a  
loving mother and a true wife. Also a  
large circle of friends who will miss her  
words of counsel and cheer. Pray for the  
bereaved ones, that they will be comforted  
them.—Capt. Andie Ryan.

## BROTHER JOHN OEDREN.

A Backslider Restored to His Soldier's

The death-angel has again visited our  
ranks and taken from our midst our  
brave comrade, Bro. John Oedren. As  
we think of him it hardly seems possible  
he has gone. Only a few weeks ago he  
was so well and strong, only twenty-four  
years of age. Truly, "We are as the  
flower of the field, in the morning it  
flourisheth and groweth up, in the even-  
ing it is cut down and withereth."

About seven months ago we had the  
joy and privilege of pointing our dear  
comrade to Jesus in the second Army  
meeting he attended, since which time he  
has always been a true and faithful  
soldier of Jesus.

During his illness he was visited by  
many of the soldiers and also the officers.  
Their visits seemed to lift him Heaven-  
ward, he always gave a bright testimony.  
We called to see him at half-past five  
on Monday evening. We saw he was  
worse but still had no thought of death,  
but when asked if all was well between  
him and Jesus, the answer came clear  
and strong,

"All is Well."

We left him hoping it was God's will  
he would be better in the morning.  
About half-past one a.m. the chariot  
lowered, he stepped in cheerfully and  
went to be with Jesus, leaving testi-  
mony behind he was going home to Jesus  
for us all to meet him in Heaven. A  
young man who was sitting up with  
him knelt at his dying bedside and gave  
his heart to Jesus. It seemed so sad  
he had no relations here, but he had  
made many friends. He was loved and  
respected by all. We gave him a real  
Army funeral. A large crowd. Hardly  
a dry eye. Every heart was touched.  
We miss him, but we know our loss is  
Heaven's gain. Who will take his place?  
Someone must fill the gap. "Be ye also  
ready for in such an hour as ye think  
not the Son of Man cometh."—N. E.  
Green, Capt.

## SISTER MISS WINTERS, Farmboro, N.S.

Sister Winters was a soldier of this  
corps for ten years. She had been sick  
for some time and her last days were  
days of suffering, but she never com-  
plained. Jesus was precious to her.  
Through it all her testimony was always  
clear. She sent for me just before pass-  
ing away, to tell me she wanted the  
Army to bury her. We gave her the  
desire of her heart realizing that an-  
other dear soldier had gone home.—L. H.  
Larner, Capt.

## MOTHER WRIGHT, Waterville, Maine.

Death has again visited our corps and  
taken from us dear old Mother Wright,  
who for many years has proved a  
true soldier of Jesus Christ, and of  
the Salvation Army. She was always  
very definite in her prayer and testimony,  
often saying,

"Oh, There is a Real God! A Real God."

I do believe it," she would say, and such  
waves of power and influence would  
come from her words. She was loved  
by everybody who knew her. She will be  
missed both in the family circle and in  
the corps.

The funeral service was conducted by  
Rev. T. Leggett, the Methodist minister,  
assisted by Capt. White and Lieutenant  
Meeks. There was a good attendance  
of both Methodists and Salvationists.  
The memorial service was held in the  
barracks on Sunday night, and many  
tributes of love and respect for her  
were freely expressed. We tried to im-  
press upon the sinners the uncertainty  
of time and the certainty of death, but  
none weeded.

It was also the farewell of Capt. White  
and Lieut. Meeks, after a nine months'  
stay. The service came to a close by  
consecrating ourselves afresh to God and  
the Army and the world's salvation.  
Yours for God and souls.—W. W.

AVARICE GATHERS ITSELF POOR  
GLADLY PAYS ITSELF RICH.

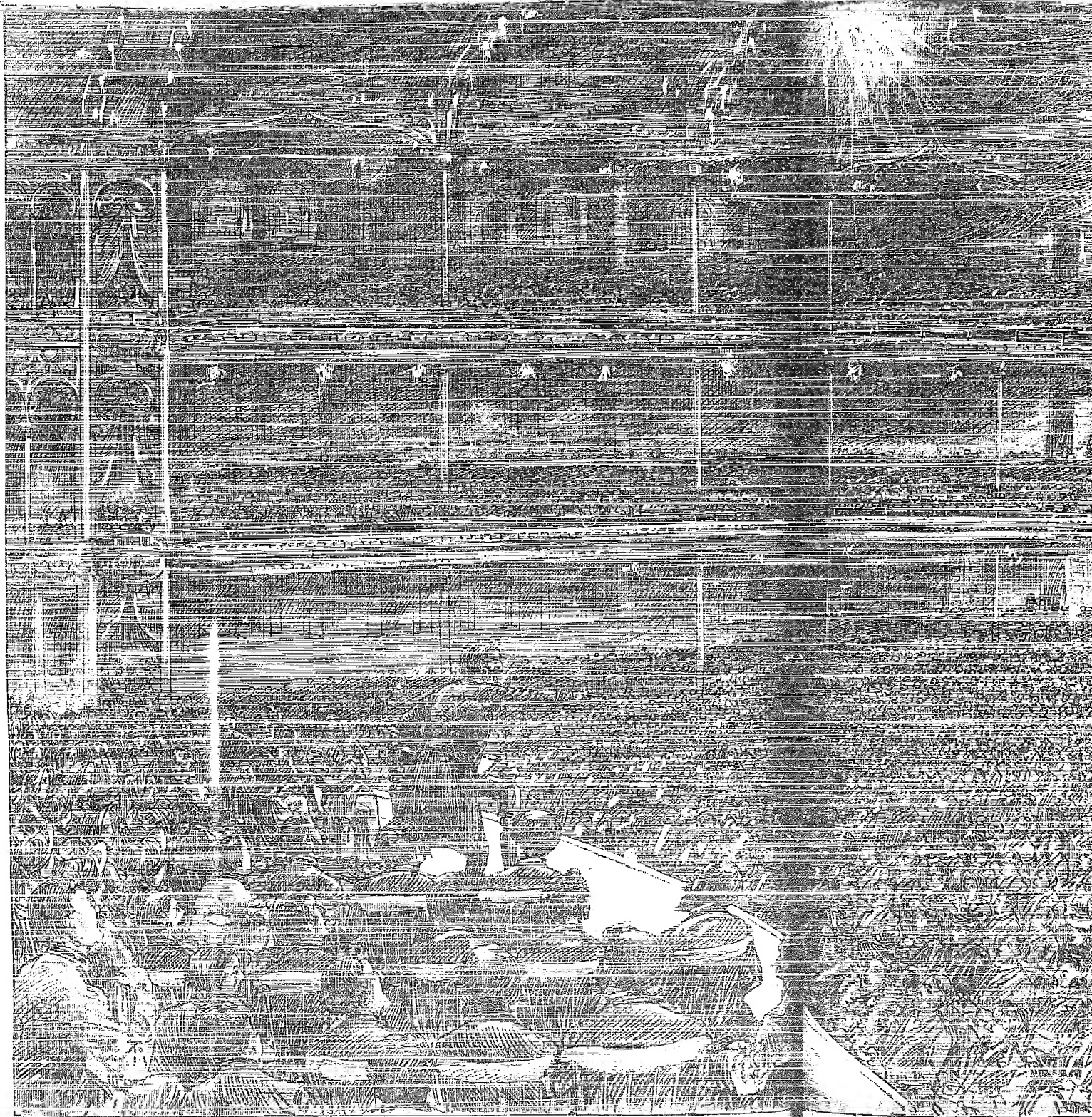
Jesus Christ alone is singularly to be  
loved; and He alone is found good and  
faithful above all friends.

Never desire to be singularly com-  
mended or beloved, for that appertaineth  
only unto God, Who hath none like unto  
Himself.

For Him and in Him, let friends as  
well as foes be dear unto thee, and all  
these are to be prayed for, that He would  
make them all to know and to love  
Him.

The time to do a good thing is when  
you can. If you had a heart to answer  
to-day and get to help a struggling  
soul, you are guilty before God, if you  
fail to stretch out your hand. Tomorrow  
you will be too late.

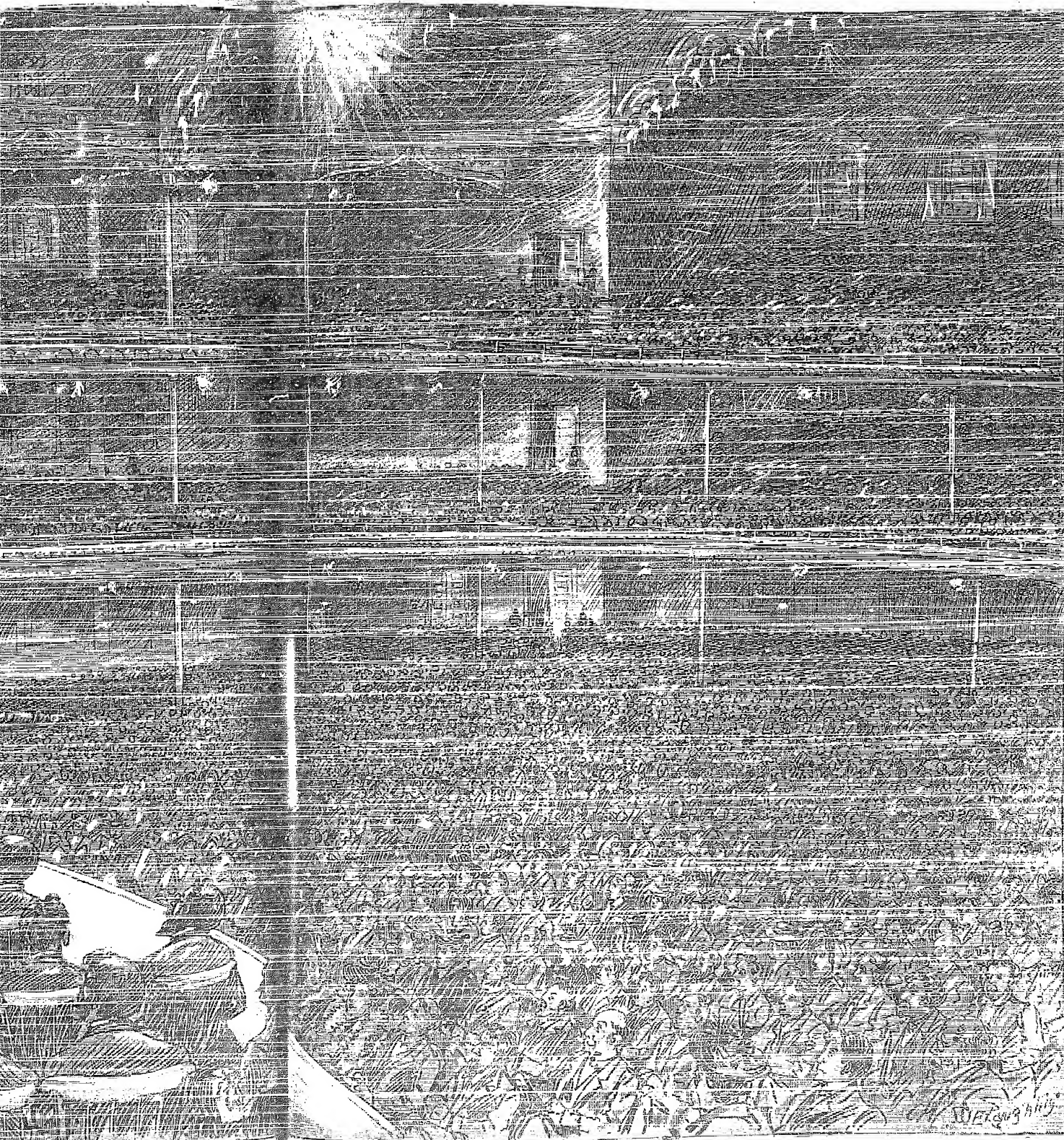




THE GENERAL ADDRESSING HIS AUDIENCE IN THE MASSEY HALL ON

The Treaty of Peace may sound before the stars, and the cloud of wrath will burst on you, and your SIN'S will be your DEATH! You won't want death, or fire, or hell, or any of your sins, will the

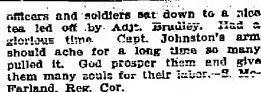




**AL ADDRESSING HIS AUDIENCE IN THE MASSEY HALL ON SUNDAY.**

...th will burst on you, and your ~~share~~ will be your ~~portion~~! You won't want devils to torment, or fires to burn, and blackness of darkness! Your sins, your sins, YOUR SINS, YOUR SINS





to Jesus and sought the forgiving grace of God to the joy of their souls. Reports from the Wood Camp bring good news that one soul found Jesus in the meetings led by our genial manager, Adjt. Cass, on a recent visit to the Camp. We are bound to conquer through the grace of God—Old Timer.

Vancouver, B. C.—A good day yesterday. Three forward at night. Soldiers took hold well. Victory is ours. Mayor Tomperton, who opened the S. A. Shelter for us last June, passed away very suddenly. Mr. J. F. Garden, the present Mayor, is a believer in our work and has already helped us to a very practical

Napanee.—The Heavenly gates have been blowing here, and recently three precious souls have been swept into the crimson current and proved its efficacy to cleanse from sin. Blessed sight to see them going. More are coming. Praise God. In spite of the extreme cold weather the attendance at meetings is

Grafton.—We are still having victory. Praise God. Two souls for salvation. One for sanctification. Last Sunday we said farewell to Bro. Embertson who leaves us for the Garrison, our first Candidate

for the work. We miss him, as he is one of the old and tried soldiers of this corps, but the prayer of our hearts is that God will keep him faithful and true, and that some more of our ought-to-be Candidates will soon follow his example. Keep believing.—A. Mitchell, Capt.

### A HOWLING SUCCESS.

Micouma, Mont.—We are still in the fight and having victory. Sloce coming here six souls have taken a definite stand for God. Soldiers and recruits fighting well. Praise the Lord. Had a song fight last Saturday evening which was a howling success, singing eighty-four choruses twice over and a solo without a stop. Cadet Cornell for Dieu!

Palmerston.—Our band, which has been doing good work for the Master of late, gave a few choice selections at our jubilee on Burns' Anniversary. Brother John Gibson, who is a proper Blood-and-Fire lad, came over from Curtzeville and entertained us with the sweet strains from his violin in his usual Scotch manner. It was pronounced by some

to be the best jubilee held for some time. Yours in the war.—Scott Cowan, R. C.

Exeter.—Since last report several events have taken place. We have had a blessed Watch Night service, when we gave ourselves afresh to God for victory through the coming year. We took for our corps motto: "God with us." Then we have

had a visit from the Marine Band, with a full house and a blessed spiritual time. Last Sunday we had a good day with two out in the holiness meeting seeking help from God to go forward.—J. Crawford, Capt., I. Sitzer, Lieut.

Learning.—I will not weary you with long accounts of beautiful meetings, personal blessings, and grand beliefs for the future, although these exist. But since

last report I note a talking machine, a wedding, and a lecture on "The Bible wife." You have heard the first, received a report of the second, and ought to hear the last. Best of all, the soul saved. Faith, work, and patience go—there's the secret. Yours for God and souls,—Lewis R. McColl, Esq. Cor., for Capt. T. H. Hoddinott.

Glen Rae.—The Marine Band have come

and gone leaving sweet memories behind. The night was dark, the road-  
bird, yet we had a fair crowd and good  
meeting. The band is a credit to the  
Army, musically and spiritually. No  
hilarity or familiarity that savors of  
spiritual dearth, but enough of the right  
kind of both to keep the meeting from  
being soggy and to make you feel that  
they are brothers and sisters, with the  
eternal

Linger 81.—"Good-bye, dear old Linger and comrades," were the words of Capt. and Mrs. Johnston as they farewelled for the United States. God bless them and make them as great, if not a greater blessings there than they have been here. They leave many warm-hearted comrades behind. It gladdened their hearts

to see five souls farewell from eim and  
the devil Sunday. Monday night the

Lieut. Barner has come to help on the war and be a blessing to those in sin. The Lord bless them. Yours, etc.-X. P.

Liverpool, N. S.—We received a telegram on Saturday saying announce Ebsary Ebsary and Capt. Day for Tuesday. They arrived O.K. and gave us a meeting. God was with them and together we had a good time. The first speakers in four months. Two people called an address. Modern Progression meeting a success, also auction sale of children. Captain away to St. George's meetings at Halifax. We were promised of a Lieutenant to help us out with S.D. and a pair of blankets to keep them warm. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us and help us out of every difficulty, even in Liverpool.

Wahpeton, N. D.—We have had a visit from our D. O., Ensign Thomas, and Lieut. Livingston, who made things interesting during their stay. Five recruits were enrolled as soldiers and all gave testimony and evidence of their intentions to fight for God in our ranks until they die. God bless them! *Leona*

Livingston did good service with his musical abilities. A nice congregation of people greeted them, and we believe eternity will reveal much good accomplished. The fight here is hard in general, but God is giving us the victory. Our prayers are daily going up for our dear General during his tour through the land. God bless him!—Capt. Westcott and wife and family.

**Temple Corps.**—Good meetings are the order of the day at the Temple. At the Sunday afternoon meeting testimonies were ready and to the point. Three old folks gave their testimonies to the keeping grace of Jesus, and their united experiences totaled up to 32 years of salvation. Glorify, think of that while you wait your turn to give yours.

waste your days in sin. At the night meeting we proved the truth of holy writ that a little child shall lead them, when a little girl who was going to a city hospital for an operation and wished to give her young heart to God. We bless the Lord that five precious souls followed such an example after a well-fought prayer meeting.—E. Zuercher, N.

Kewatin.—Sunday was a great day of rejoicing here. Good crowd in the afternoon, Junior crowds going up. At the evening meeting God was with us in mighty power. Before going out on the street, one comrade said he had faith for five souls. So every soldier took hold and prayed that God would reward his

faith, and before the prayer meeting closed our prayers were answered, and we saw five precious souls kneeling and praying for pardon. Hallelujah! Each one testified that God had, for Christ's sake, pardoned their sins. Glory to God. Sunday two more sought and found salvation. The comrades are determined to fight and conquer sin, and to win souls

**HIS CLOTHES FROZEN TO HIS BODY.**

Ingersoll.—“Friends, when I was in the devil’s service I thought nothing of going to a dance in the early evening, and dance till morning, and then go home with my clothes frozen fast to my body, but now I can dance, and jump, and about town.”

and shout for Jesus," was one comrade's testimony—and there are others. Now we have the Yankee and the Irish of it. Things are no ways slow. I'd like to tell you what Capt. Dean told me about the War Crye being sold, but guess I better not for fear —. Anyhow, they were scarce articles on Sunday. Best of the deal, come good cases of conversion are on record.—Rev. C. M. K.

Halifax 1.—The salvation wave still continues to roll over guilty souls in our meetings. Souls every night. Sunday night was a record breaker, there being twenty-two souls at the Mercy Seat. Hallelujah! Great conviction in the meetings. We are believing for many more souls in the Fountain of Jesus' blood. May the Lord bless the new converts.

vers and keep them faithful and true to the end, is our prayer. Our Self-Defence effort will soon be upon us. Of course we are going to come out all right as usual. With faith, and prayer, and work, and grit, and go, and all the rest of it, we will arrive safely with victory on our banner. Praise the Lord.—*Soc. Cashin*

CLAIMING TO BE A MAN AND WOMAN  
RELATING TO BE A MARRIED COUPLE  
AND TELLING A PITIFUL  
STORY OF POVERTY AND DISTRESS,  
ASKING THE PRIVILEGE OF GIVING  
A LECTURE IN THE BARRACKS ON  
"THE INDIAN CAPTIVE," WHICH  
THE MAN CLAIMS TO BE, THEY  
ARE IMPOSTORS, AS SOME OFFI-  
CERS HAVE PROVED TO THEIR  
REPROACH. THE MAN'S NAME IS

ALBERT SMITH, AND CLAIMS TO BE  
AN ARMY CONVERT.

Ligar St.—The  
have rejoined with  
history. Fourteen  
different form of  
wind up of Sun  
for sanctification  
ing. It seemed  
soul-saving wave  
Twenty-one out  
the weather was

friend, Augt. 1864, gave us a week-end a soul-stirring time. We were not disappointed, very unfavorable. Interest were splendid. Free-and-Easy searching time, and blessed in the holy ~~thorough~~ ~~every~~ ~~to these~~ Golden

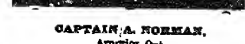
Hillsboro, N. D.—  
last report about the  
sought and found =  
The town is there  
our barrack won't  
crowds that seek a  
ing. Adj. Good  
was here recently  
soldiers. Capt. Hew  
day and we had good  
work is going on

Peterboro.—Praise that are being won was an "At Home." Monday night. A sport. A lot of the best things were in the quarters. Indeed a place. Our officers Capt. French have t

Hallfax 15.—The veterans together with Col. Colonel Lawley, Maj. Capt. Goss and a host of soldiers from surrounding other grand event in The United Soldiers'.

each disagreeable old  
General spoke with  
unctor from on his  
souls at the Cross for  
Old age has begun to  
General, but he is  
full of fire for the glo  
salvation of souls. M  
thine to bless him and  
for a great

prayer.—Sen. Cnebin.



Attachment, ONE

BEWARE OF A MAN AND WOMAN CLAIMING TO BE A MARRIED COUPLE AND TELLING A PITIFUL STORY OF POVERTY AND DISTRESS, ASKING THE PRIVILEGE OF GIVING A LECTURE IN THE BARRACKS ON "THE INDIAN CAPTIVE," WHICH THE MAN CLAIMS TO BE. THEY ARE IMPOSTERS. AS SOME OFFICERS HAVE PROVED TO THEIR BOWROW, THE MAN'S NAME IS ALBERT SMITH, AND CLAIMS TO BE



...to help as  
...to those in  
...them. Yours, etc.-X.

N. D.—We received a letter  
yesterday saying someone had  
been killed. Day for the  
... arrived O. K. and gave us  
... and was with them and  
... a good time. The first  
... months. Two terrible  
... Modern Progress  
... a success. Also auction sale  
... Captain away at the Gen-  
... at night. We've been  
... and evidence of their  
... and a pair of blankets  
... warm. Our God whom we  
... to deliver us and help us  
... difficulty, even in Liverpool.

N. D.—We have had a visit  
... O. D. Thom and  
... and made things  
... five re-  
... as soldiers and  
... and to the point  
... to fight for God in our  
... God bless them. I wish  
... did good service with his  
... nice conversation  
... reveal much good  
... fight here is hard in  
... in giving us the victory  
... are daily going up for  
... from his four through  
... God bless him—Capt. West-  
... and Lieut. Cook.

... Good meetings are the  
... day at the Temple. At the  
... meeting testimonies  
... and to the point  
... their testimonies to the  
... of Jesus, and their united  
... totaled up to 22 years of  
... that while our  
... days in sin. At the night  
... proved the truth of his  
... little child said last  
... who was going to  
... for an operation and  
... young heart to God.  
... Lord that five precious  
... such an example after a  
... meeting—Reg. Cor. M. K.

Sunday was a great day  
... Good crowd in the  
... Good crowd going up. At  
... meeting God was with us  
... Before going off to  
... one comrade said he had  
... So every soldier took  
... that God would reward his  
... before the prayer  
... prayers were answered, and  
... five precious souls kneeling  
... or pardon. Hallelujah! Each  
... that God had, for Christ's  
... honored their sins. Glory to God  
... more sought and found  
... comrades are determined  
... and conquer sin, and to win  
... Cadet Herrington.

... FROZEN TO HIS BODY.  
... "Friends, when I was in the  
... service I thought nothing  
... a dance in the early evening,  
... the morning and then  
... my clothes frozen fast to my  
... now I can dance, and jump  
... for Jesus" was one comrade's  
... and there are others. Now  
... the Yankee and the Irish of  
... we no ways slow. I'd like to tell  
... Capt. Dean told me about  
... boys sold, but guess  
... for fear. Anyway, they  
... articles on Sunday. Best of  
... good cases of conversion  
... Reg. Cor. M. K.

The salvation was still  
... to roll over guilty souls in our  
... Souls every night. Sunday  
... a record breaker, there being  
... two souls at the Mercy Seat.  
... Great conviction in the  
... are helping for many  
... in the Fountain of Jesus.  
... the Lord send the new con-  
... I keep them faithful and true  
... is my prayer. Our self-  
... will soon be upon us. Of  
... are going to come out all right.  
... With faith, and prayer, and  
... and get, and go, and all the rest  
... will arrive safely with victory  
... banner. Praise the Lord—Sec.

... OF A MAN AND WOMAN  
... TO BE MARRIED COU-  
... AND TELLING A PITIFUL  
... OF POVERTY AND DISTRESS,  
... THE PRIVILEGE OF GIVING  
... IN THE BARACKS ON  
... INDIAN CAPTIVE," WHICH  
... CLAIMS TO BE THE  
... AS SOME OF  
... HAD PROVED TO THEIR  
... THE MAN'S NAME IS  
... SMITH, AND CLAIMS TO BE  
... MY CONVERT.

## JAMESTOWN CORPS SECOND ANNI- VERSARY.

### Wonderful Soul-Saving Season.

The Second Anniversary of the opening of the Jamestown corps was celebrated on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Jan. 23rd, 24th and 25th. To try to report these meetings I feel almost afraid, but I should not do them justice. I have been on furlough and spending it here with Ensign Green, who called upon me to lead this Anniversary battle. At the soldiers' meeting on Wednesday a target was set—that is, a soul target—twelve was to be the number for the three days. The opening meeting was a blessed one, great liberty prevailed everywhere. A review was taken of the work done in two years, the praise given to God for the same, in connection with this Anniversary. The Adjutant read a portion of Psalm ciii. A commissioning of local officers formed a part of the programme. This meeting closed about 1 a. m. Sunday, amidst great rejoicing over the

### Salvation of Nine Souls.

Amongst the number two husbands knelt side by side with their wives. I must not detail Sunday's meetings, they were beyond description. A business man of the town, who had been a good friend of the Army, and who had always done his best to help us in every way that he could, came forward in the holiness meeting, and got gloriously converted. In the afternoon meeting there were as many as seventy-five who testified to the saving grace of God. At night the barracks was literally seething with fervor. We could not get out after we got in, and had to dispense with the march. Three souls stepped into the light at this meeting, which ended about midnight.

We had two meetings on Monday. At the one held in the afternoon, one man said he had been a church member and a professing Christian for twelve years, but that he had only been saved one day. Five soldiers came to the penitent form at the close.

At 7:30 came what we called the "Hallelujah Round-up," and such it was, finishing up as we did at about 1 o'clock in the morning with thirteen precious souls. We danced, we screamed, we volleyed, we clapped, some cried, but more laughed. Captain McGill, who was with us from Mandan, says that he never saw it after this fashion, and we all know that he's seen a good deal. Ensign Green, the officer in charge, says that he never saw this kind of a revival before. For a number of these cases she had prayed for nearly nine months—so I for one long year before her. All that we can say is that our God did it to answer prayer. Sister Combs, of Mandan, who sings for Jesus, helped us greatly.

Go on, Jamestown comrades, let this go on to the best you ever knew. All mention housekeeping, also securing steady work for the husband. It was while here that Aunt Hattie began to attend religious services, and thought much of what she heard was standing, yet she soon became very miserable. She had thought that all she needed was her liberty and life. Was cared for was her liberty and life. Was cared for was her liberty and life. Was cared for was her liberty and life.

## Adjutant and Mrs. Combs Farewell from Montreal.

### A JUSTIFICATION.

FRIDAY NIGHT was a farewell social. Some two hundred soldiers and friends spent a very pleasant evening together. There were present

Adj. Wiseman, Combs, and their wives, Adj. Holman and Capt. Lowry, of the Rescue Home, Ensign Verex and Lieut. Cole, of the French work. Capt. Cookey and Cadet Brown, of the Light-houses, Cadet Magpie Brown, from corps No. 11, and Lieut. Grose, of this corps. Sunday we began at 7 a. m. The service, but in the meeting it was a blessed time in spite of the cold. God came very near and blessed us. In the holiness meeting God's power was felt very much and several of our comrades testified to the blessings they received whilst attending the General's meeting. Especially that of Wednesday afternoon, which was a holiness meeting long to be remembered by all present. At the close of the meeting one sister returned to God. The afternoon free-and-easy meeting was a good time. Two of our latest converts were enrolled beneath the yellow, red and blue. May God ever keep them true. The night's meeting was a real battle for souls. Never have I seen the power

of Hell at work so hard before. Every effort was put forth in trying to rescue the sinner from the power of evil. The poor creatures that they hid behind were heartrending to listen to. Adj. Combs has been here with us twelve months, and many blessed soul saving times we had together. I am sure it is the wish of all that know them that God may pour out a double portion of His spirit upon them wherever they go.—W. J. D.

## D. O's. DOINGS.

### Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond Take a Trip Around the Stratford District.

We have just finished a trip around the District and have had a really blessed time. We left on Tuesday morning for Stratford. Stopped at Mr. and Mrs. "Pinner" of Mitchell, for dinner. Arrived in Stratford O. K., and found Capt. and Mrs. Stubbs in good spirits. Had a good meeting also. Wednesday we drove over to Bayfield.

Capt. Howcroft and Lieut. Howler are in command of the troops here. God has been rewarding their labors with a good number of souls lately, and twelve have been added to the soldiers' roll. One little boy who got saved walked ten miles to be present at a special meeting in Clinton.

Thursday we found the snow around the lake mostly all gone, so we drove to Clinton and took train for Goderich. Capt. McCutcheon is rejoicing over sinners getting saved.

Although the work in this place has been hard for some time, God is really giving victory. A beautiful spirit is manifest. Crowds are increasing, and soldiers and officers are believing for still greater victories. In our meeting that night one man volunteered from the back of the hall and cried for mercy.

Friday had a go in at Clinton. Here, too, God is blessing the work. Mrs. Wakefield has been far from well, but is now gaining strength. The Ensign has just written me stating that five souls got saved on Sunday.

We drove home to Stratford greatly blessed and encouraged and determined to push the battle to the very end. Yours in the fight for victory, ADJT. D. McAMMOND.

[Our New Serial.]

## AUNTIE WRIGHT

### A STORY OF THE SLAVE DAYS.

By MINNIE KENNEDY, War Cry Correspondent.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### First Days on Free Soil—A Temper and Tongue to Match—An Original Election Teller.

CHARPENTER'S BENCH standing outside of a cunning, unforgotten first night's lodging place in a free country. Though it was early in the free country, the night was warm, and the thick shavings under the bench were a splendid resting place.

Bright and early they were astir next morning, and before they had decided where to look for work, they were hailed by a gentleman who proved indeed the good Samaritan to Aunt Hattie and her husband. Enquiring their circumstances and their need, he took the pair home to his wife, whose sympathies were quickly aroused, and a good breakfast provided.

Real friends were these.

#### First Canadian Acquaintances.

providing the fugitives with a room and the few simple requirements to commence housekeeping, also securing steady work for the husband.

It was while here that Aunt Hattie began to attend religious services, and thought much of what she heard was standing, yet she soon became very miserable. She had thought that all she needed was her liberty and life. Was cared for was her liberty and life. Was cared for was her liberty and life. Was cared for was her liberty and life.

Was beside the one who dared to sneer at, or taunt Aunt Hattie of her color—

#### "Dem White Trash."

I'll teach 'em dere manners!" And she did it too, in a most emphatic way. "The first I remember of Auntie, is her chasing me down hill with a club, when I was a little snavey," laughed one of our leading merchants to us lately. "She was a terror to us youngsters in those days."

Many laughable instances of her graceless doings are on record. On one occasion she was struck by some cowardly fellow with a stone. "I lie on him like a streak of lightning," hit him she once said—dat fixed him," says Auntie.

Dangerous ground indeed was being trod by one who dared a joke at her expense. While the

usually wished he had been somewhere else about that time.

We are not familiar with the events connected with her husband's death, her own second marriage, and removal to Ingersoll. We have always known her as "Auntie Wright," or "Aunt Hattie," but she has told us with a little ring of contempt in her voice that "dat ere last man ob mine wa'n't no 'count nohow. I jes' had to work to keep him." By and bye he went off and left her (to her undignified satisfaction) to fight life's battles alone.

Not often would she take much liquor—but she tells us, when working out, one day she indulged in cake and wine (on the quiet) till, when she undertook to go home she thought all the street was going to.

Fight? I should think! Take a liquor, when her temper was up, and it was always safe to.

#### Give Her Plenty of Room.

But now-a-days we never hear of such a thing, for Auntie is saved now, all the same she won't be "run over" now, as she terms it.

"Dere's one day in the year I kin hab do berry finest ob in town, to 'go out drivin'."

"Oh, and when is that?"

"Why, on 'lection day. De nohs come drivin' up yere, and says, 'Auntie, come for a drive to-day.' 'Where to,' says I, 'I smells a rat. 'Oh, come down and vote,' says he."

"And who did you vote for, Auntie?" we questioned.

"Oh,

#### I Voted for Dem All.

an' I knows I'd get some ob dem fur sho," replies Auntie.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### An Encounter with the Devil—How the Light Came in God's Scholar—Auntie Joins the Army.

All this time poor Auntie found no relief from her soul-slavery, and when God's spirit took hold of her, she thought she was going to die. She became most miserable and could neither eat nor sleep. "Do berry food would cry out 'unworthy, unworthy.'" Her mind became so wrought upon that she fancied Christian people were evil spirits come to torment her.

Again and again did she try to pray, but in vain. She was held fast by the devil, a captive at his will. One day she got so bad that she felt she must have help.

Calling a neighbor, she cried out,

#### "Dee a-Dyin' Sho!"

The minister was called, and though Hattie called him a devil, and entreated him to leave her alone, he prayed for her salvation. He knew where the devil was. "His words seemed like knives a-cuttin'."

**BY THE GENERAL.**

### I Were Awful Terrified.

"I got to work a-prayin' in de night, an' after a while de dark went nut, an' de light come in, an' I heard de Lord a-sayin' my sins all blotted out. I were such a mis'able, hell-deservin' sinner too! I couldn't barly believe it possible jess at first, but de sins were gone, an' de misery were gone, so I jcs begun to sing, "Go an' call de breddren in." I was so happy I could see de Heben opened, an' I answered Terma an' de Hebenly host."

life for Auntie. God has brought some beautiful diamonds from the rough. Auntie is one of them. When she got saved she could now read or write. This was the source of God's sorrow for she now possessed a tiny testament, and her great desire was to know God's word herself.

One day pouring out her difficulties to God, she besought Him to teach her to read the Bible.

"Henceforth, as what did de Lord say? Seek ye first de Kingdom ob God, an' all dese things will be added upon you." My Bible were open before me, and I began to read. De first story ob letters came de first get blessed! De letters came one by one, an'

By the by, if Auntie has not much of this world's grandeur, she owns a better Bible than many a better home can boast of. Very tenderly she opened its covers—“Ha, yn’ know him ! (displaying a photo cut from the *Cru*) dar’s Major S—

Now, dis am on ob my favorite places,  
 yin' jee listen." and listen we did, wbin  
 we praised God (or His goodness, "Let  
 not your heart be troubled." "The ten  
 Virgins," and other parts were read-  
 slowly, but clearly - by this, God's  
 scholar. Her face fairly beamed with  
 rapture as she went on, and our own  
 souls were strangely stirred.  
 "How did you come to join the Army,  
 Auntie?"

"Dis an a Soldiers Meetin," but de good Captain she aole him to get away an' let me in. So I 'scovered dat de Army people hed more grace dan I hed, an' dey took hold ob me."

Auntie gave herself up fully this time to the Lord and has made rapid progress, putting to shame many with education and surroundings far superior.

she prayed, and she has been.

A firm trust in God's promises to her strength. "Now you see anything? you want, if it's a touchin' His Kingdom, you're welcome to it—only you must see it in your heart."

For many years Auntie's faded umbrella and weather-bent bonnet has been a familiar feature of the march and open-air, even now that age and rheumatism are against her, she bravely comes to the front.

Here she is, and here we leave her for this present believing that when Heaven will make a sign for her, Auntie's light will be among those most bright and fair.

THE END.

---

Re Port Arthur's Self-Denial victory.—The amount raised was \$210.05, and not \$119.05 as reported. The P. O. calling attention to this, notes that "Port Arthur has always done well for special efforts." This above significant total demonstrates this very forcibly.

The Commissioner has had a hard struggle here and made a brave fight over it. The latter goes without saying to all who know her daring and indomitable spirit. She is a born warrior, and as her father may be excused for saying so, and feeling no little gratitude to my dear Lord for the possession of such a daughter, who, standing so much alone has been able to effectively continue the war in which her brother and his predecessors fought so bravely.

The difficulties I have referred to in this country have been enormous, and all but overwhelming. To describe them would require a whole War Cry, but they are being boldly faced and overcome one by one. Canada before long will emerge victoriously from these difficulties, and render us a mighty assistance in this world-wide conflict. Steady, comrades! Keep on the centre of the Blood-and-Fire track. The Salvation Army and the Salvation Army alone will bring you off more than conquerors.

There are two or three items in the year's returns that have pleased me much as showing the upward trend of the tide:

	July 1896.	Nov. 1897.	Increase.
Corps .....	238	303	65
Officers .....	819	891	72
Local Officers .....	1,915	2,481	566
Indoor Attendance .....	11,000	12,000	1,000

The Social Operations are extending slowly but surely, and carrying the Army into a warm place in the very heart of the nation. If there are not the dense masses of squalor and starvation here that we see in the great cities of the Old Country, there is quite enough to make the heart of human compassion ache, and, alas, there is any amount of vice. I have already had some statistics of depravity brought about me that are appalling, requiring the remedies which the Salvation Army has under her control. Here is a story—only one of a number of the same.

Jack with a silver spoon in his mouth. Jack was favored with a liberal and University education. He mastered three languages, and became a credit to his English parents, and some use in the work. But once under the spell of the English Renaissance, and the glowing stream of a fast life, and became a confirmed profligate. His friends, hoping to do him a good turn, fitted him out with a small boat, and dumped him down in Canada. But in Canada, as in London, there are sharks ready to devour such men as Jack. He fell even to the level of the lowest of the low. He had done his best, he had done his old country. Our people found him in one of your cities, on the verge of despair and suicide. They at last took pity on him, and sent him to a kind, merciful, practical school. They gave him work and food. They nursed him back to physical strength and inspired his heart with hope. One night he fell at the patient form in the Shelter meeting. To-day he may be seen in the glow of perfect health, and in a position to do good to others. He is now at work with the Social Work here in Canada.

We have had some proper weather here, and make the journey from Halifax was anything but agreeable. The train and half melted snow thrown on the rails caused the carriage to make a series of jumps and swayings to and from somewhat resembling the motion of a ship on a rough sea. The streets of Montreal were walked up six or eight feet on either side as we drove through the city in our sleigh—4,000 men and 1,000 teams having been hard on all this for 38 hours, the tracks were so badly packed with ice that this morning at St. Petersburg the thermometer registers 26 degrees of frost. But the sun is shining, the atmosphere is dry and crisp, and the room in which I am writing is so steadily warmed that I am comfortable and happy. I am, however, "without the light of my own thought."

My reception so far by the, landings men in Church and in State, and by the public generally, has been equally hearty and enthusiastic. I have not been able to visit the Province beyond it. The Lieut.-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick presided at my meeting in St. John; the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia presided at my meeting in Halifax. Leading business and banker, together with the principle Professors at the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Colleges, welcomed me at Montreal; the Member of Parliament for the district presided last night here, while at Ottawa the Capital or the Dominion, the Minister of Finance took the place of the Member of Parliament, the Hon. the Governor-General and his Lady, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, presided in the evening, all combining to speak, not only in the highest approval of my movements and general aims, but of the increased respect and personal affection for the General. I mention these things not out of any exultant or boastful feeling, but as showing how well the cause of the poor is being understood, and how the floods of misrepresentation through which it has had to pass. This has been true of this part of the country anyway. We shall see how far the cause of the poor is understood in the course of the Campaign.

We have had excellent meetings since my last. How to make an effort consistent of a single meeting, or at most two or three confirm the faith and stir up the zeal in the breasts of the owners, soldiers, refresh and encourage young men, and improve the authorities present with the value of the Social operations in their outward places for whom they are more or less responsible, satisfying the Clergyman of all denominations who gather at the meetings, and the people who are not orthodox and are going forwards, and yet preach humanism, philanthropy, and salvation to the public generally, persuading if possible some backsliders to return to God, and some hardened sinners to seek the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is a single meeting, and none too early when there is an extra c.

But I flatter myself that such is the  
infectiousness and fascination and "casti-  
tude" of the student body that I can affect  
however imperfectly it may be told, the  
more or less accomplished all these ends  
and I believe it has been so on this round  
trip. I have been able to get a sense of  
there was a beautiful feeling in the  
Students' meeting at the McMillin Uni-  
versity, Montreal, while the meetings in  
the States were more formal and more  
to be the finest and largest on the whole.  
American Continent belonging to that  
denomination, were powerful and useful  
and I believe that the influence of the  
Satan in the afternoon, but at night  
came down, and I had my revenge on my  
old enemy, and we had quite a royal time  
and the souls at the Saviour's feet  
triumphed!

Treasurer R. K. Joat, of Charleston, S. C., sends us the following sad information: "It is my painful duty to inform you that my wife died on Thursday. She took to her bed about the first of the year, although she has not been very well for some months." (God bless those bereaved.—Ed.)

(Continued from page 5)

standing on their feet, with the song-sheets in their hands, started the speaker, more or less startled the straggling ranks of the language men. "Does he mean me?"

This question was drawn with General's marvelous capacity to read the human heart on the faces of the men. Then the song was sung through the pathos, and Commissioner Nivens, blushing with emotion—prayed. The General also prayed, and deep responsive answers were uttered all over the hall.

Colonel Lawley's singing of "The Lord is a Saviour from sin," appeared another side of the meeting, softer and more moving, but it was the plough that cut into the feeling of the crowd.

The offering taken up. General—whose aim was clearly revealed—began his work. Young our venerable leader as Canada was, and that proof we were of the Thirty-third, our surprise, elite of the religious and philanthropic community, was gloried in him this morning. He stood before us as the Protestant. With the invincibility of the Thirty-third, the Thirty-third of Amiel, and the evangelical force of a Wesley, the General must have a stinging disappointment to any one who came to hear him as a great orator. He was not a great orator, but listened to as a lecturer, or a preacher in the military acceptance of this. His address was volcanic and explosive of the common taste for hearing speakers. The address, which held the people of the Thirty-third, the Thirty-third of Lake Ontario, will rank as one of General's mightiest attacks on

He had truly marvelous liberty. He spoke the Holy Ghost, and with the intensity of his nature, strung up before to its highest pitch. The sweat at his feet and listened as if they were being remodelled in spirit, or took notes, or nodded to each other when any point of special application impressed them. The field officers were mightily moved, and though they had no right to be there, they were under the direction of the General—were in danger of running away with the meeting. Twice the General had to regulate their enthusiasm: the crowd generally were most sympathetic. Others were not. Some said so in great barely steady at the close. Then, they began to stay away, and promote the "rain."

"How is it?" one of the men asked. "I am not a man who objected to being COMPELLED to think about his soul," "that you include them?"

"I really don't know," was the tentative reply.

Then what was the meeting about? Sin—sin as described by God: sin as act, a disposition, a habit, or a passion. In its bare outline, that was all, but it was not over-underscoring the effect produced when saying:—

1. That the General's address gave people a new vision of sin.

2. That this vision was not mere intellectual, but personal, and made every people look with horror into their hearts.

That the scenes of sin struck and women dumb, and dead for the moment to everything else.

The scene which was overwhelming, and these were three in the moon when one could but inwardly grope him up to God, or stand by his slaughterhouse door, and such a scene as when the General said:-

"And thus, I hope to see us die in death, the temper, the habit, the turn of mind, the heart so stunted, or so filled with sin, that we can't bless these around you because we don't know how to do it. You do not say, 'I am going to get up at eight o'clock,' nor, 'I am going to go to business.' You say, 'You get up when you get up; you get up when you get up;' and the conversation, say, 'Now I am going to go to school, now I am going to gossip, and slander, and all sorts of things, and I don't care if it does come between me and my neighbor, and I have got into the habit of it. I will never give it up. It has become so done with men and women who are wrong-they're Christians, they're good-their dispositions, conduct them."

And

**God says, "I Will Forget All the..."**

Glorify His name; I will sweep away. As far as the East is from West, I will remove that man's burdening this morning. I will take the sins of yesterday, I will take the sins of the past. That is the thing." What do you say to Him? has come down to this house. This morning. Here is a pretty record! Miles and miles and miles and miles and miles and miles of transgressions removed.

"... they are there hanging  
 in a thick thunder cloud, and  
 a storm may sound before the  
 end than this cloud of wrath."  
 "You, and your SINN will  
 OVERLASTING PUNISHMENT  
 we want devils to torment,  
 and the blackness of darkness  
 for your sins, YOUR SINN  
 and the memory of your  
 guilt of your sin  
 cannot enough! Here, th  
 Here," says God, "I  
 sponge dipped in the blood  
 which will wash off eve  
 every sin."  
 "But for ever!"

perhaps there is nothing so  
bright of God—certainly the  
most fascinating to a Salvation  
Army man—a strong sense of  
the reality of his conscience, and  
the presence of 2,000 pairs of eyes,  
witness of his own accord, rushing  
to the Mercy-Seat, was the  
triumph of the living conquest  
of sin being.

It was the response to Colonel  
Carter's appeal for "the frat." He  
was followed by a young  
woman, who I afterwards  
learned was a mother of two staff officers  
and who was to be cleansed from sin  
and death. She was joined by  
another woman, who had been  
in the Mother Corps, an ex-officer's  
wife, and a precious to many  
in the field. He literally told  
the treasurer passed through the  
hands of the old Master, and  
he told him, and knelt at his feet.  
He came around him and wept with  
him as a sign for the gods and  
men. I wish every ex-officer  
could have seen him. He told  
me that the Army and its  
ex-officers the cold chiller.

He told circle of our pentagon  
and prepared to return to the  
wandering sheep—yes, no  
the full, but into the sacred  
our hearts. Come back, come

SEVERAL TERRIBLE MOMENTS  
THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF  
SOULS.

Can Souls be Saved in Toronto on a  
 day Afternoon?—Twenty Fall at the  
 East—Nearly all the Students

the name high over all,  
and earth or sky,  
and men have feared Him (all),  
as devils fear and fly."

His was the song with which  
afternoon meeting in the Mass  
began. The hall was crowded  
every corner, and when the doors were  
opened at 4:30 several came up only to  
be disappointed. The majesty present  
to the church, looking dressed, and  
minded scores of people. On the  
platform were the well-known Evangelists  
Messrs. Crockett and Hunter, Rev.  
Messrs. Scott and a minister who  
was in an office in the Salvatore  
city. In the upper gallery, where they  
were of "our class," if we may say  
so, "that don't take religion seriously"  
and go to church "just once in  
a while," two individuals were drum-  
ming the better for them to be under the  
wing of an Army Captain than that  
of a minister. As a spectacle many of  
us felt something like it had been seen  
in the city for an age. The Staff Hand  
in his scarlet uniform, moved from  
that point in the dress circle  
where they played beautiful, tired  
men and soldiers filled the floor  
and the women, with fighting like  
the orchestra, and looking down  
at the human beings on the arena  
and towering galleries dense with  
people, an expectant multitude, a  
thrill under the huge solemnity of  
the occasion—we held our breath in  
anticipation.

What would the General say  
to the people? Had they not come out  
through duplicity to see and hear  
the General? Did they have any idea  
of the rule of up-to-date propaganda  
that would be discarded and the pro-





## OUR ROLL OF HONOR.

## East Ontario Still Triumphant.

East Ontario—27 Hustlers; Sales, 1,570.

Ensign Walker, Belleville	136
Mrs. Add. Blackburn, Cornwall	115
Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	108
Capt. Hill, Montreal	88
Capt. French, Peterboro	85
Ensign Parker, Quebec	76
Capt. Banks, Burlington, Vt.	71
Lieut. Grose, Montreal	68
Lieut. Liddell, Burlington, Vt.	64
Capt. Little Wilson, St. Johnsbury	59
Sergt. Madies, Cornwall	59
Capt. Brown, Montreal	59
Capt. A. D. Coats, Campbellford	50
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	50
Bro. Keen, Montreal	50
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	50
Sergt. Dennis, Barre, Vt.	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Lieut. N. Bacon, St. Johnsbury	47
Mrs. Barber, Burlington, Vt.	43
Bro. Fred Stevens, Barre, Vt.	33
Capt. Chappell, Brighton	31
Mrs. Cent. Coats, Campbellford	30
Mother, Lewis, Montreal	30
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	25
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	26
Sergt. Root, Belleville	30

## Central Ontario—17 Hustlers; Sales, 571.

Capt. Stephens, Lindsay	88
Cand. Mrs. Ekedden, Hamilton	76
Bro. Thompson, St. Catharines	35
H. Stolliker, Riverdale	35
Sergt. Emily, Howell, Riverdale	33
Ensign H. Cameron, Orillia	30
Sis. Jones, Hamilton	30
Mrs. D. James, Orillia	28
Bro. Smith, St. Catharines	28
Sergt. W. Stevens, Riverdale	26
Sis. D. Hazen, St. Catharines	25
Mary Robinson, Riverdale	25
Sergt. Elias, Hamilton	21
Bus. Atwell, Riverdale	21
Bus. Savage, St. Catharines	20
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton	20
N. R. Rowe, Hamilton	20

## West Ontario—19 Hustlers; Sales, 673.

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	100
Capt. M. Collett, Galt	85
Mrs. Capt. Stubbs, Senforth	72
Ens. Andrews, Berlin	50
Mrs. Sott, Guelph	50
Ethel Smith, Guelph	29
Capt. Stephens, Galt	33
Willie Sandier, Clinton	30
Mary Hunter, Berlin	30
Myrtle Crawford, Clinton	30
Sis. Ross, Goderich	29
F. D. Stata, Goderich	25
Sis. Lila Green, Walkerton	22
Leat. (Hortons), Berlin	22
Flora Cook, Clinton	20
Capt. Pynn, Walkerton	20

## Eastern Province—11 Hustlers; Sales, 449.

Father Armstrong, St. John	110
Bro. Small, Dartmouth	68
Frank Payne, Liverpool	45
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth	45
John McVicar, Glouce Bay	40
Mary McDonald, Glouce Bay	40
Capt. Percy, St. John	30
Lieut. Hudson, St. John	30
Mickey Eldred, Glouce Bay	26
John Spencer, Glouce Bay	26
Robert Seaman, Liverpool	20

## Pacific Province—8 Hustlers; Sales, 321.

Capt. Scott, Billings, Mont.	100
Lieut. Thoen, Livingston	50
Sis. Brewster, Nelson, B. C.	50
Sis. Johnston, Missoula, Mont.	33
Sis. Mrs. Johnson, Hemarok	28
Sis. Wiechers, Missoula, Mont.	24
Mrs. Ayre (av. 2 wks)	135
Sergt. E. Barnes (av. 2 wks)	70

North-West Province—1 Hustler; Sales, 135.

Capt. Graham, Edmonton (av. 2 wks)	135
------------------------------------	-----

## Get a Good Start.

1. Get a good start in the morning by having time for prayer when you rise.
2. Put the Word of God in the right place. Read upon it. Make yourself a Bible and prayer union.
3. Pray for what you want. Talk the day's business over with the Lord.
4. Get a dinner-time for your soul. Don't go from morning till night without a few minutes of spiritual retirement in the middle of the day. It is common sense that baffles the devil.
5. End the day well. Review it, and call your sins by the right name. Have straight forward dealings with thy Lord.



JUST TO HAND from International Trade Headquarters, a large stock of

## Band Journals

UP TO No. 330

35 CENTS PER BOOK From No. 1 to 120.

50 CENTS PER BOOK From No. 121 to 330.

## BOOK-MARKERS OF THE GENERAL AND MRS. BOOTH

Worked in Colored Silk

SELLING FAST AT 25 CENTS.

## SALVATION SOLDIERS' GUIDES...

Latest Edition, at 35c., 50c., and 75c.

Marriage, Funeral and Dedication

## SERVICES

BOUND IN RED LEATHER 25 CENTS

## STAFF OFFICERS' REGULATIONS

By the General

Bound in Red Leather, Splendid Value, \$1.25.

A Quantity of these English Trimmed

## BONNETS LONG EARS

VERY SUPERIOR QUALITIES, AT \$4.00, \$4.50, \$6.00 AND \$6.50.

Have you sent in your "The Local Officer"?

We have Provincial Trade Departments, for your convenience at London, Montreal, Ottawa, St. John, N.B., St. John's, Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver, B.C., and Spokane, Wash.

JNO. M. C. HORN,

Trade Secretary,

TORONTO, ONT

Price Lists supplied free on application.

## MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends.

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, women, girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad if our Officers, Editors, and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

## Second Insertion.

2207. GEORGE HALL LINDEN, Age 38. Cabinetmaker by trade. Last heard from Fort Hope in 1899, stating he was making his way to Toronto. Mother enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2045. SAMUEL SINCLAIR, son of Samuel and Isabella Sinclair, of Lindsay, Ont., who was then living in the Township of Vernon, near Burns Green P. O. Height about 5 feet 3 inches, weight about 20 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, dark beard (sometimes shaved off), sometimes wears a moustache. Last heard from in Jamestown, Dakota. His people are very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Mr. S. Sinclair, Burns Green P. O., or Inquiry, Toronto.

2040. ELIZA DRUMMOND. Supposed to be living in Toronto. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2050. ALEX. MORAE, of Cumberland, last heard of him he left Bearmouth, Mont. for Butte to work in a mine. His father is anxious to hear of him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2048. ALEXANDER LINTON. Fair hair, age 39, scar on middle of forehead, height 6 ft., no toes on left foot. Last heard of escaped from Fergus insane asylum, four years ago. Miscellaneous. Any information will be thankfully received. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2044. PATRICK LAMBERT. Age 44, stout, blue eyes. His wife wishes him to return to London, Ont. He left his place in 1890. Last heard of in Ontario.

2045. THOMAS WILLIAM GATFIELD. Last heard of 8 years ago. Was in New Mexico, Age 29, dark eyes, dark hair, height about 5 feet. Always worked on railroads. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please address Mrs. Millicent Gatfield, 75 Church Road, Malindae, Newport, Monmouthshire, Eng., or Inquiry, Toronto.

2046. JANE NICOLSON. Left Gledstede, Scotland, five years ago for Brandon, Manitoba. Last heard of in Winnipeg, four years ago. Anyone knowing her whereabouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

2051. CHARLES ERNEST WOOD. Left Birmingham, England, in 1923 with his brother William. Landed in Quebec and went straight to the Guthrie Home, in London. Age 32. His brother William is anxious to know his whereabouts. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

## Print Insertion.

2053. FRED IEBOTSON. Age 30 years. Last heard from Revelstoke, B. C., was then working for the Revelstoke Lumber Co. Mother enquires.

2051. THOS. WILLIAMS from the Parish of Cradley, Herefordshire, England, son of Nathaniel and Hannah Williams. Age 45 or 46. By making his whereabouts known will be to his advantage. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

2052. WILLIAM MASON. Last heard of in Yuaville, California. Age 28, height 5 ft. 8 in., light complexion, slight build, native of Ontario. His mother's name now is Mrs. Thos. McCognell, and is inquiring for him.

2052. JAMES W. BARBER. Last heard from Wednesday, December 31st, 1910. Age 41, height 5 ft. 9 in., hair light, forehead high, wears small light mustache, blue eyes, large eye-balls, nose crooked more than half an inch, ears close on jaw bones, wore glasses, and carried a pipe. He was an eye-glasses to see at a distance. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate with the following: Army, Inquiry, Toronto, Ontario.

## HOT SC

A Tale of Two

CHAPTER

The Second

W

ALLACE was

these was

these were

application to

his bench, and

for some

nobody would

have a

sodade boy, who

the commendation

master, the wild, haru

a few weeks previous

up a fury of the

was a harmless enou

in ferocious instincts

of asserting the

current madness of W

admit—not conquered,

nothing of a very

agreed—nothing to b

public attention—for a

as had left school

qualifying himself as

a respectable-manuf

was

in fact, what might

the second did h

young manhood was

at the age of sixteen,

his time a regular tim

try to make as much

as rapidly as the avar

of the useful but st

known as cobblers' wa

dispute occurred betw

as to the amount of m

could pay for his boar

the time of our civil

not being made by the

where, who supplied a

of the shoe leather ne

Bulimant had naturall

his effect upon indus

from both North and

had to be called in.

at the usual "war pr

were made in a week,

were well paid. Walke

of a youthful independ

between his judgment

ward (this is the corre

made were handled, str

daged in, and held up

pellets of wax placed

in attitudes. Finally

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the

titudes. Finally the







